

## Ginger and Mud by kaspbrakian\_kid

**Series:** [Mint \[2\]](#)

**Category:** IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

**Genre:** Alpha Bill Denbrough, Alpha Richie Tozier, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Alpha/Omega, Beta Stanley Uris, Bisexual Bill Denbrough, Bisexual Richie Tozier, Canon-Typical Violence, Class Differences, F/M, Gay Bashing, Gay Eddie Kaspbrak, Gay Stanley Uris, Homophobia, M/M, Mating Cycles/In Heat, Multiple Pairings, Omega Eddie Kaspbrak, Period-Typical Homophobia, Period-Typical Racism, Protectiveness, Racism, Rutting, Werewolf Mates, Werewolf Politics, Werewolf Sex, Werewolves

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**Characters:** Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

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**Summary:**

Richie and Eddie finally have a chance at a life together after everything that happened to them in Derry. They're doing their best with what they have in every situation but is it enough for the rest of the world?

# 1. Chapter 1

1996

Richie and Eddie were in the bathroom of the train station in Boston. It was the middle of Summer and the heat was sweltering. Richie and Eddie had climbed into Bill's second-hand Mazda and had driven with both windows down.

Eddie was back to donning his shorts and polo shirts and Richie was glad to shed a couple layers back into his baggy shorts and old t-shirts.

They had been waiting at the bus station for at least a half an hour until there was an announcement that the train they were waiting for would be delayed for an hour.

Richie had initially suggested they take a walk through the street and get a smoothie. Eddie, however, wanted a lot more than a smoothie.

At first, it had started innocently, with Eddie caressing Richie's lower back. He curled into his alpha, scenting him and tugging on Richie's t-shirt. Richie had gotten the hint almost instantly and he had leaned down to kiss his omega, holding the small wolf closer to him in the crowd.

Again, Eddie needed more. And Richie could feel it, feel the sudden bubbles of arousal in his mate mark. Richie looked around, pulling Eddie nonchalantly into the disabled stall.

But Eddie wasn't having it. The moment he set foot in the bathroom, he yelped and shoved his inhaler into his mouth. Richie looked around, frowning, and tried to figure out what it was that had Eddie so horrified. The bathroom looked completely fine to Richie.

"Germs." Eddie shook his head vehemently, "The sheer volume of bacteria and infection. Even in the air- Richie, what the fuck- Richie, no! Do you have any idea how sick you can get? Have you even considered-? Oh God-" Eddie gagged heavily and made way for the exit, his heart pounding as his stomach ached from the heave.

Richie snorted, feeling Eddie's gut-engulfing anxiety and disgust in his mate mark. He turned, following his disgruntled mate out of the stall. Eddie sucked in a shaky breath as he leaned against the wall as Richie lit up a cigarette.

"What time are they coming?"

"Sooner than I'll be coming at this rate." Richie commented idly as he eyed Eddie, who glared at him.

"You know that's not what I meant."

"Could be any time, Eds. The train's delayed." Richie took a deep drag of his cigarette, exhaling downwind of his mate.

"But I'm horny." Eddie pouted and looked around, "Not horny enough to get syphilis from that bathroom, though."

"Then where exactly would you like to suck my dick?" Richie deadpanned as he ashed into the trashcan beside him. Eddie's cheeks went pink.

"In the car?"

Richie straightened up, eyes widening. He stubbed his cigarette out under his sneaker and grabbed Eddie by the wrist, grinning mischievously as he towed the omega through the crowd.

"Y'know," Eddie wobbled off behind Richie, trying to keep up with the alpha's enormous strides, "The car isn't exactly hidden."

"Then we'll hide it." Richie turned the corner to where the cars were parked, "Besides... It's Boston, who cares about some fags in a car?"

"Don't say that word." Eddie groused unhappily as Richie got to the faded red car. He pulled the keys from his car to unlock for Eddie before he practically climbed over the bonnet to get into the car himself, "I can't believe Bill lets you drive without a license."

"Hey. I have my learners." Richie grinned as he started the car, turning the key violently before he looked over his shoulder and began reversing from the parking space they had been occupying.

"That doesn't mean you can drive." Eddie scowled, gripping his seatbelt with both white-knuckled hands as Richie waited for a car to go passed them. Richie could feel Eddie's unease and apprehension. It wasn't that Richie was a bad driver- On the contrary, he was a great driver. It was the idea of getting caught that had Eddie jittery and queasy, "Not unless someone with you has a license. And Bill isn't here."

"Bill Shmill." Richie waved a hand and then stopped, his eyes zeroing in on the train that had just pulled into the platform with an alarmingly loud shrill call that announced its perfectly timed presence. "Oh, son of a bitch."

"They're here!" Eddie screamed with delight. Richie jumped in fright, his foot jerking from the clutch. The car stalled suddenly, jerking forward as Eddie hastily tried to unfasten his seatbelt. He threw himself from the car, leaving the door wide open. Eddie ran, shoes squeaking, stumbling over the sidewalk before he began running through the people.

Richie sat there in the stalled car and cursed mentally. He leaned over to close the passenger side door. He put the car back into 'drive' and parked back in the space that he had been preoccupying. He shut the car back off with a sigh and hung his head, scowling at the lack of mouth around his dick.

He climbed out, locking the car behind him, and went to find Eddie. He was genuinely excited as he looked at the people piling out onto the platforms. People were hugging and embracing, some were just grabbing cases and zooming off to their destinations.

He found Eddie a moment later, right by the doors, and he was bouncing on his heels with anticipation. The nervousness and impatience in Richie's mate mark almost had a weird taste in his mouth. Like metal or mold.

"Where are they?" He craned his neck, "Richie, I don't see them!"

Richie sighed, crouching down behind Eddie. He stuck his head between Eddie's legs and wrapped his arms around Eddie's thighs before he stood up. Eddie screamed in fright as he was lifted up to sit

on Richie's six foot shoulders. Eddie's nails practically dug divots into Richie's scent glands as he held on for dear life.

"Richie- Richie, fu- Ah-! Put me down! Richie, shit- God!" Eddie howled, his voice rising in pitch and genuine terror as Richie grinned. Richie could hear Eddie's heart racing in his chest like a frightened cat.

"Look for them!" Richie called up as he rotated slowly, using Eddie as a glorified periscope.

"I can't fucking focus when I'm gonna fall, asswad!"

"You're not gonna fall." Richie scoffed, "Would I let you fall?"

"You'd be the one to drop me." Eddie snorted derisively, "Dick."

"Look for them, c'mon!" Richie tried to crane his neck despite the fact that he was a head taller than everyone anyway.

"There!" Eddie pointed to their left only a moment later, "At the back!"

Richie turned to see them, see his pack mates. Ben climbed off of the train with a wide grin, a backpack over his broad shoulder. He held his hand out to Beverly, smiling at her as she climbed off. She looked like a beautiful vision as always. Her hair had grown from its neck length down to her shoulders in soft auburn waves. Her slender body in a beautiful baby blue summer dress. And her usual scuffed boots.

Ben was slightly taller than Richie remembered, but not by much. He was still the shortest male besides Eddie. What he lacked in height, he certainly made up for in drool-worthy muscle tone that Richie couldn't ignore. Especially not now when he was in cargo shorts and a white vest.

Eddie fidgeted to run to them. Richie dropped down to his haunches slowly and let Eddie get off. The omega screamed out and startled some nearby passersby, exclaiming as he bolted for Beverly.

Beverly seemed to sense him coming for her, either that or sheet heard him whimpering and yowling loudly as he practically climbed

over people. She turned as he got to her, wrapping her pale arms around him. Ben embraced them both in a large hug as Eddie cried and sniffled, the grin a permanent fixture on his face. Richie bonding bite filled with a warm relief that Eddie felt. Relief that more of his family were here. A small fractional sense of completion.

Richie let them have their moment, smiling fondly at his pack, feeling a swell of alpha pride that his family were bonding once again.

Eddie lifted his head from the crook of Bev's neck and looked over to Richie, holding his hand out. Richie stayed where he was, holding his hands up awkwardly in response, trying to avoid the affection and uncomfortable wave settling in his stomach at the idea of joining.

Beverly rolled her eyes as she took her duffel bag and walked hand in hand with Ben. Eddie, of course, faithfully beaming at her side, eyes on her the whole time just in case she vanished.

Richie smiled, taking Bev and Ben into a one-arm-each hug, grasping them both in his long limbs.

"Fucking missed you losers." Richie grinned, kissing them both on the cheek, "Who else do I have to wrangle this absolute jackal?" Richie gestured to Eddie, "Can't let Stan do it alone."

"We didn't move to Boston to be at your beck and call, Trashmouth." Beverly scoffed as they walked through the station towards the car.

Richie rolled his eyes, taking the bag from her to sling it over his shoulder while he held Eddie's hand in his own, "Well, if anything, you two coming here actually delayed my endeavors for a blowjob so you owe me."

"A favor or a blowjob?" Ben asked with a frown. Everyone let out short shots of laughter, cackling at his genuine concern and his frown.

"That's up to you, Haystack. But you're welcome to borrow some of your girlfriend's lipgloss to make it easier on yourself."

## 2. Chapter 2

"So, what do you think of Boston, Bevvie?" Bill asked that evening as everyone sat around the dining room table of Bill's apartment. They had bought two extra chairs for Ben and Bev. Everyone was dining on Eddie and Stan's all-day-long cooking.

Apparently it was a recipe that ran in Stanley's family for generations and it was called 'busy day chicken'. To Richie, it just looked like chicken and it tasted great, but it was ten times better to eat when he saw how excitedly Eddie was watching him to see his reaction.

"I love it." She smiled excitedly, "It's bigger than I expected and it looks so pretty."

"And you, Haystack?" Richie asked, looking at Ben as he cut into a piece of chicken. Ben looked up with wide eyes when he realized he was being spoken to.

Ben cleared his throat, "Oh, yeah it's pretty cool. I like the architecture."

"Naturally." Stanley smiled at Ben as he set his cutlery down and wiped his mouth on a napkin, "You should consider studying architecture, Ben."

Ben nodded eagerly, "My aunt wants to send me to a course sometime. I'd love to go."

"You should." Eddie grinned eagerly, "Did you guys know Richie has a job now?"

The entire table suddenly stopped eating. Bill and Stan included. Richie grimaced, looking down. He had been working since January and didn't want anyone besides Eddie to know. Stan and Bill being in classes during the day meant that they would have no idea that Richie disappeared every morning. Although, he did finish a lot later, he would leave the house in his usual get-up with his work clothes in a duffel. He would change at work in the mornings and change again before heading home. Whenever someone asked about his bag, he

would always wave them off and say he joined the gym.

All of them stared at him as he scowled at Eddie. Eddie went pink and looked down at his plate. Richie looked at his four friends with a small smile.

"I bet he slings ice cream or works at a video store." Bev looked at Richie with a smile, "Am I right, Trashmouth?"

"Yeah, that." Richie smiled curtly as he went back to eating his chicken.

"What?" Eddie frowned and leaned in with a small laugh, "Of course not, Bevvie. He's got a real job."

"Eddie." Richie hissed, nudging Eddie's leg under the table, "That's my job, remember?"

"But..." Eddie frowned and then caught Richie's deadly expression. He looked down, "Oh yeah."

"Rich..." Bill leaned in, "You have a job?"

"I do. Like Bev said. Ice cream." Richie shrugged, toying nervously and spinning his fork on the table.

Stan leaned in, eyes narrowing, "Looks like Richie wants to avoid a shande."

"Hey." Richie looked up, "Just because you've started diving yourself back into your religion, it doesn't mean you get to 'Yiddish' me, schmuck."

"Schmuck." Stanley seemed suddenly indignant, "Rather a schmuck than a putz."

"Be a mensch and eat your fucking nosh, huh Rabbi?" Richie scowled, "Dickhead."

"I'm not the one lying to everyone." Stanley trailed off as he took a sip of his water.



"I'm not lying. I just didn't say anything." Richie shrugged, "Didn't think it was pertinent."

Bill's eyes widened, "You've got a job, Rich. That's huge news."

"What do you do?" Ben asked, "If it isn't ice cream, anyway."

"I..." Richie looked at everyone and at Eddie, who was staring at his plate with pink in his face. Richie could feel Eddie's bubbling excitement in his mate mark, "I work at a..." He stopped, whispering the words in a mumble.

"Yes...?" Beverly probed, leaning in, "What is it?"

"I work at a company called Raben and Frish." Richie fiddled with his fork, "As an accounting clerk."

The silence at the table was palpable and tense enough to strangle an elderly person. Richie looked at each face. Ben had both eyebrows raised, Beverly's eyes were wide and her smile even wider, Stan looked like he was about to pass out from the shock and Bill was trying his best to act as nonchalant as possible.

"Great, thanks for the vote of confidence, fellas." Richie groused unhappily as he began eating his rice, "Nice to know what you think of ol' Trashmouth."

"No, no." Beverly gushed and leaned over to hold Richie's hand across the table, "I think it's amazing."

"So," Stanley cleared his throat, "What does this job entail?"

"Well, it's not so much a job yet. Which is why I didn't want anyone to know." He threw Eddie a dirty look and the omega went pink again, "Because it's an internship. I'm not getting paid yet. They're teaching me everything I need to know and then I get to work there."

"How did you land this?" Bill asked curiously, "Did you go for an interview and they just hired you?"

"Actually..." Richie went pink, "I went to a recruiter and they told me where to go. I had a resume made and had my mom send all of my

stuff through. Diplomas or shit like that." Richie shrugged, "I was shortlisted a week later because of my grades."

"Well... Fuck." Stanley grinned, "Two beautiful stereotypes for our religion. A Jewish doctor and a Jewish accountant at one table."

"Would you like me to break the mold and become a Jewish comedian, too?" Richie snipped as Eddie frowned and looked at them.

"But I thought that Jewish comedians were also a stereotype?"

"I think that's the point, Eds." Bill added in with a smirk, "Richie's being sarcastic."

Eddie scowled at his mate, "Don't be so generalized."

"It's my religion. I'm allowed. If comedians can do it, why can't I?"

"They get paid, firstly." Stan commented casually under his breath, earning a loud snort or two in response.

"Oh, very funny." Richie scowled again, "Let's change the subject to something that'll make someone else so uncomfortable that they want to die, instead?" Richie looked around the table before he looked at Ben, "Get any good head lately, Haystack?"

"Why did I know it would be me?" Ben looked at Beverly, "Do I just have a sign over my head or something?"

"Nah," She smiled, "Richie is one of those people who pick on the most obvious target. Bill would snap at him, Stan would throttle him, Eddie's his mate, he gets cigarettes from me and that means you're the one left, hun."

"Damn." Ben looked at Richie's triumphant grin, "Keeping my sex life to myself, Trashmouth."

"Don't be a square." Richie pouted and looked at Beverly, "What about you? Get any good pipe before you got here?"

"He isn't going to stop going around the table asking about our sex life until someone answers." Stan eyed Richie, "God knows, I'm

probably next."

"Oh please. I don't wanna know about your old man missionary sex." Richie scoffed, "I'd rather get a paper cut on my knot."

Stanley soured, glaring across the table as his lips puckered like a sucking lemon. Richie grinned at him playfully. Stan's eyes narrowed, "I'll have you know that my sex life is perfectly healthy and regular."

"See? I got the info I wanted from him and I didn't even have to ask." Richie glanced at Stan with smug arrogance. Stanley's face fell with the sudden realization that he had been played. He looked at Bill unhappily, but Bill bowed his head.

"Technically, he is right, pidge." Bill smiled, "As annoying as he is."

"He past annoying on the day of his birth." Stanley huffed as he excused himself from the table, taking any empty plates with him.

"Can I offer anyone else some more wine?" Bill gestured to the bottle and looked at his family.

Bev and Ben both held their glasses out to be filled as Richie reached over to fill Eddie's glass with more iced tea. Eddie preened at the attention.

"So, where are you two going to be staying?" Stan asked as he reappeared from the kitchen with what looked like a fridge tart in his hands. Bill stood up and began clearing the dinner from the table. Eddie got up to fetch side plates with a smile.

"Well, we're in a hotel for the next two nights." Ben explained, "We're going to sign a lease contract tomorrow."

"Oh, so you've found a place?" Stan asked as he sat the dessert in the middle of the table and slid into his seat, "That's wonderful."

Bill shifted himself into his seat and took a sip of wine, "Whereabouts?"

"Not too far, I hope?" Eddie reappeared with a small stack of plates. He put one down in front of each of his friends before returning to

his own chair next to his mate. Richie leaned in to kiss Eddie's cheek, hearing the omega purr softly.

"Oh no." Beverly waved a hand, "It's only a couple streets down, actually. This old lady is renting it because her son moved into a house with his new wife so it's just sitting there."

"And furniture?" Stan frowned.

"We'll be fine." Ben assured with a smile, "We wouldn't be here if we didn't think of everything."

Stanley pursed his lips but remained silent as Bill took the cake knife and began cutting the fridge tart into small sections.

"I hope you guys like it." Eddie piped up, "Made it myself."

"What, uh..." Richie leaned in to look at the yellow tart, "What exactly is it?"

"A diabetic lemon biscuit fridge tart." Eddie announced proudly, "Nana's recipe from my childhood."

"Bet it's wonderful, Eds." Ben held his plate out as Bill gave him a piece. It did look interesting and almost like a lasagna. A layer of bright yellow tart and then a layer of biscuit and so on throughout the dish.

Eddie was nervous in his seat as everyone was given a piece of his dessert. They all waited until the last slice was set on Bill's plate. It was silent as small forks dug into soft pudding and soft pudding was out into tentative mouths.

"Oh, my God." Beverly exclaimed, her hand to her mouth, she looked at Eddie with wide eyes, "Babe, this is delicious."

Her statement was met with a chorus around the table of agreeing grunts and 'mm-hmms' from those who were piling into the creamy lemon dessert.

"Oh, thank fuck." Eddie practically deflated with relief, "Shit, I was nervous all day."

"This is good shit, Spaghetti." Richie smiled, "What's in it?"

"Lemon jello and cool whip." Eddie shrugged, "And biscuits. That's it, really."

"Christ." Richie took another large forkful into his mouth, "Why have you never made this before?"

"I've offered." Eddie snorted, "You heard me say 'diabetic' and just assumed it would be abysmal."

"Well, fuck me, Nora." Richie whispered under his breath, making Bev laugh lightly, "Guess I landed the housewife of the group, huh?"

"He's more housewife than I am." Beverly commented with a playful scowl at Eddie, who went pink.

"You make a wonderful housewife." Ben whispered as he leaned into his mate. Everyone around the table let out a loud ring of teasing 'awww!' in reply. Ben jumped and went pink, a bashful smile on his lips as he was fed a piece of pudding by his girlfriend.

"Oh, God." Bill chuckled, "You're a good housewife too, Stan. Relax. No one's excusing you."

"Wouldn't hurt you to say it." Stanley mumbled as he folded his arms to sulk.

"I say more than enough to feed your ego, Mr. Uris." Bill chided as he leaned in to his mate, "Don't sulk now, pidge."

"Yeah, Kookie-kookie." Richie sneered across the table as he swiped a finger across his empty plate, licking it clean before he continued, "Don't be spineless now. Begging for compliments from your alpha. He showers you all the time with love. Don't need to lend me your bones again, do you?"

Stan glared darkly at Richie, clearly remembering the way Richie used to tease him about how cowardly he used to be when it came to certain things growing up. Stan straightened up, "Fuck off."

"Is that all you have to say?" Richie tutted and clicked his tongue, his

lips turning down to feign disappointment as he could feel the waves of annoyance rolling from Stanley, "Shameful display, beta. You can do better."

Stanley eyed Richie, who had turned to look at the TV that was playing in the corner on mute. Richie was hit in the face all of a sudden by something wet, making him jump. His head whipped across to see shocked faces and to see Stan sitting there holding his fork up with one finger on the prongs. He had flicked a piece of pudding at Richie.

Richie's eyes widened at the brazen act and wiped his cheek with a long finger, flicking the pudding onto his plate in silence.

"Uh oh." Beverly whispered, looking at Richie's somber face, "Stan, you broke him."

"Well, he deserved it. He-" Stan was cut off when a large dollop of pudding smacked him right in the face, splattering across his cheek and nose. Eddie yelped in fright. Everyone looked at Richie to see that he had grabbed the serving knife and had taken ammunition from the serving dish itself.

"You were saying, pidge?" Richie crooned in a sickly sweet tone, tilting his head as the yellow pudding fell from Stan's face and landed on his lap with a stick thud.

Stanley's eyes narrowed into menacing slits as he scooped the small piece of ruined tart with his fingers and dropped it onto his plate. He wiped his hand on his napkin and stood up. Richie snorted at the silence he was receiving. He watched Stan take a sip of his wine and walk around the table. Richie's eyes never moved from the quiet beta, half expecting him to give up and go and change his pants.

Stan walked into the kitchen and Richie watched as he began cleaning his pants with a damp cloth. Richie looked back at Eddie, who was very unimpressed beside him.

"What?" Richie asked with a shrug, "He started it."

"So?"

"Well, I mean, what the fuck was I supposed-" Richie cut himself off with a sudden shriek of horror when a cold dowse of water rained down in a torrent over his head. He jumped up, sending his chair tumbling over. He spun around with a snarl to see Stanley behind him, grinning, with a glass pitcher in one hand.

Richie realized it wasn't water. It was lemonade. It was sticky, dripping from his hair in constant rivulets, his shirt sticking to his skin as the juice ran down into his pants and pattered onto the wooden floor.

"My juice." Eddie whined out in dismay. Richie wiped his face with his hand and pulled a slice of lemon from on top of his head.

"Well played." He looked at Stan, "Didn't think you had it in ya, Kookie."

"Don't underestimate me, Richard." Stan put the glass jug down on the counter, "But you're dripping on my floor."

"How is that my fault?" Richie asked as he looked down at the puddle that was splashed around his bare feet.

"I don't think you have a leg to stand on, Trashmouth." Beverly commented simply, "Might as well concede when you've lost."

"God dammit." Richie hung his head, "I'll feet the mop."

"And you owe your mate more lemonade." Stanley called out smugly as he sat back down, earning a kiss on the cheek from Bill.

"He never makes it right." Eddie scowled, "Too sour."

"Just like him." Ben smiled as Richie returned with the mop.

"You dumbass," Eddie got up with a groan, "You can't mop when you're the source of the mess. Just- Y'know what? Go shower." Eddie snatched the mop from Richie, "You're making so much mess. Go. Go."

Richie grinned and turned, scampering into the bathroom as Eddie mopped up all of the lemonade trails that Richie had tracked in and

out of the kitchen.

"Fucking mess." Eddie mopped furiously, "Sticky, sticky mess."

"Sorry, Eddie." Stanley pursed his lips.

"He deserves it." Eddie shrugged, "But I don't deserve a sticky floor."

"I'll make you more lemonade." Stan then promised as he got up and kissed Eddie on the forehead, "Can I help you clean?"

"No one cleans like I want them to." Eddie waved Stan off with a smile, "I got it."

"Are you sure?" Beverly offered, and got up as she began taking the dessert plates from everyone.

"You guys have to go soon." Bill reminded the beta, "Don't wanna miss check-in."

"True." Bev set the plates on the counter and looked at her boyfriend, "We still have time?"

"Three hours." Ben checked his watch, "Plenty of time."

"Well then, a cigarette it is." Beverly went to get her smokes in her jacket.

The bathroom door opened a minute later and Richie peered out, wearing nothing but a towel, his entire body dripping with water, "I heard cigarette."

"The shower's still running." Bill turned to look at Richie in his chair, "Did you even shower?"

"I can neither confirm or deny." Richie offered his pack leader a firm set of finger guns before he looked at Beverly again, "Where do we stand on that cigarette, Marsh?"

"I stand by the window and you stand in the shower. Go on." She waved at him, shooing him as she plucked a cigarette from the packet in hand.



"Damn."

### 3. Chapter 3

It was Sunday now. Beverly and Ben had arrived just yesterday and after the chaotic dinner that everyone had attended, they had left to spend the night in their mediocre hotel room despite Stan's urgent attempts to get them to stay.

Richie and Eddie had spent most of the night sitting by the window watching the night sky. And by watching, Richie could clearly remember the hour or two that they had spent wrapped up in each other's arms, body's writhing and cresting with sensuous climaxes.

This morning Richie had woken up early, his body needing three things. To pee, to make coffee and to inhale nicotine. He sat up in bed, lighting up a cigarette to take a much needed drag, before he threw himself sluggishly out of the bed to trudge into the bathroom. He closed his eyes as he sat on the toilet, too lazy to stand, and took another drag. He ashed in the sink nearby, letting the cigarette dangle between his lips.

He sat up, flushing, and went to wash his hands. He wouldn't usually bother except that Eddie had begun getting even more neurotic about hygiene since they had moved to the city. To Eddie, even though he loved Boston and being out of Derry, it was infinitesimally dirtier in the city than in a small farm town.

Richie dried his hands on the soft grey towel and walked out, still naked from the night before, and went into the kitchen. With his eyes half closed and his cigarette burning, he robotically filled the kettle and grabbed himself the first mug he could wrap his hands around.

He waited for the kettle to boil, elbows on the counter, as he sucked on the last of his cigarette, killing it with a finger press into the glass ashtray.

"Oh Jesus." Stan yelled with disgust, "My God, Richie."

"Don't bring him into this, Uris." Richie griped, his voice still thick with sleep, "It's too early."

"It's never too early to beg God to smite your naked roommate. It is, however, too early for you and your bare ass."

"If you have such a problem with me being naked then I suggest you take that into advisement next time you wanna suck my knot, Uris."

"That was a first and last of its kind, don't over-inflate yourself." Stan walked into the kitchen in his nightgown and slippers, "I heard you and Eddie last night."

"I'd be worried if you didn't. I wasn't trying to be quiet on your behalf." Richie poured the boiling water into his mug, "Hope you enjoyed it."

"It's not the worst thing in the world." Stan shrugged calmly as he took the kettle from the alpha to pour into his tea cup.

"Pervert." Richie snorted as he stirred three heaping meth-symptom-inducing spoons of sugar into his coffee.

"Hey, take the compliment and shut your yap." Stan huffed as he poured a splash of milk into his tea and clutched it in his hands, "Rich?"

"Sí?" Richie asked as he turned to face Stan, noting how Stanley's eyes were specifically trained on his face.

"Bill and I were talking last night..." Stanley prefaced, "About our relationship."

"You're not breaking up again, right?"

"God no. The opposite." Stanley smiled, "We want to get married."

Richie's eyes widened in surprise, "Married? Whoa, shit."

"Although, I know same-sex marriage is not only illegal here but it's also against both of our religions."

"I'll say." Richie snorted, "It's categorically forbidden in the Torah." Richie sipped his coffee, "How are you going to get that right?"

"We'll just have a... Ceremony, I guess? Just a union in front of our friends. That's all. Declarations of forever love and all that. No 'eyes of God' or 'by the power of the State' bullshit. The State can suck my Ashkenazi."

"Well, if you wanna do it then go for it, Stan the Man." Richie smiled, "I doubt Eddie and I would do it."

"You don't want to marry Eddie?" Stan looked shocked but Richie held up a hand.

"Not what I said, Staniel." Richie sipped his coffee, "Look, he and I are mated. In wolf terms that's like marriage, right? We're biologically bonded but we're able to be independent and our own person. I don't see Eddie wanting to be lawfully bound to anyone after he was lawfully bound to Sonia for eighteen years. The kind of emotional trauma that comes with that..." Richie shook his head, "He and I could be mated with a family, living together for fifty years and he'd be fine. The moment he has to sign a contract or something that says I have ownership or a commitment to him, I think he'd pass out."

"You have a point." Stanley nodded thoughtfully, his lips pursing, "You don't need a piece of paper to say you're married."

"Exactly. Living together is enough for us." Richie shrugged, "We're happy."

"I'm happy, too." Stanley offered, "I just... Y'know, growing up, I always wished for that perfect life. House and a husband, two and a half kids in the suburbs with a big yard and a station wagon."

"White picket fence?"

"Of course. I'd have the whitest fence on the block." Stanley beamed.

"All the housewives would be thoroughly jealous of you and your mishpocheh." Richie smiled as Stanley looked dreamily into his cup of tea, "What a fam-damily. Would you take his name or he take yours?"

"Stanley Denbrough." Stan smiled as a tiny bit of pink tainted his nose and cheeks, his mousy brown curls falling into his face as he looked

down, "Don't get me wrong, I wouldn't be able to change my last name legally. But it's nice to dream."

"Doodle it in your notebook, Stanny?" Richie asked with a girly-lilt to his voice, "Write your names together in a heart in your journal while you suck on a lollipop?"

"God." Stanley laughed lightly, "You really are an asshole. Shut up."

"Hey. You're not denying." Richie drained his coffee and set the cup in the sink, washing it out with a lackadaisical courtesy.

"I'm not denying, no." Stanley shrugged, leaning his hip against the counter, "But I'm not giving you the satisfaction of an answer."

"None is necessary." Richie strode passed Stanley with a smug smile, "Also, just a fair warning. When he wakes up, I'm probably gonna do some things that'll make your mother blush. Or you."

"Thanks for leaving out the gory details." Stanley called as Richie rounded the counter. Richie stopped and looked at him before he leaned over, squinting.

"You'll be happy to know I'm gonna eat his ass until he passes out." Richie stated simply, watching Stan backspit into his tea, eyes wide. He looked down at his cup with distaste curling his lips.

"For fuck sake, Tozier."

"Hey. I left out what comes after." Richie grinned, "But it will be me that comes after that part, too."

"Please just go."

Richie chuckled, hearing Stan throw out the last of his tea and mutter to himself. Richie went into his bedroom to see Eddie asleep within the confines of their filmy bed canopy. The curtain of darkness only coming out when Eddie needed to be protected during his heat. Otherwise, the white canopy still hung over their bed.

Richie climbed back onto the bed, wrapping himself up in the cool sheets before he put his arm around his mate, scenting the sleeping

wolf gently.

Even in his unconscious state, Eddie melted into his alpha, curling back against Richie's body. He opened his neck with a whimper, letting Richie draw scent straight from the source. Richie sighed, pressing himself against Eddie.

Eddie whined again, curving his hips to press himself against Richie's slowly growing erection. Richie sucked in a breath at the feeling of Eddie's morning slick, never quite getting used to the fact that Eddie just woke up wet no matter what. Sure, in heat, it was a given. But when all was normal, Eddie's body was still fuckable and still wanting, still eager to please whether Eddie liked to make notice of it or not.

Richie wrapped an arm around Eddie and sucked on his mate mark, pushing Eddie gently onto his stomach. Richie lay on top of his mate, his heavy weight like a comfort to the small omega. Richie knew Eddie liked to have Richie on top of him, draped over him even when they cuddled or slept. It was safe to be under such a strong body.

Richie continued to kiss over Eddie's skin slowly, soft and ardent purrs bubbling in his chest. Eddie let out a moan, his head turning.

"Alpha?"

"Hi, pretty omega," Richie whispered in response, "Did I wake you?"

Eddie preened sleepily at the praise, "Part of you did."

Richie grinned wickedly, biting on Eddie's shoulder gently, "My apologies, Mr. Kaspbrak."

"Please don't be." Eddie's muscles stretched out beneath Richie before he relaxed into the mattress, "'S a good way to wake up."

"Noted." Richie whispered again, closing his eyes at the serenity he felt in his mate mark, "Hey, Eds?"

"Hmm?"

Richie didn't respond right away, pressing his erection against Eddie

pointedly, "Yes or no?"

"To you? Always yes." Eddie mumbled, "So good to me, alpha."

"Pretty sure it's the other way around." Richie sat up and ran his hands down over Eddie's tanned and perfect back. He gripped Eddie's hips, hoisting him up a fraction to arch Eddie's spine, "So good to me, omega."

"Alpha takes care of me." Eddie explained, "Why wouldn't I let him?"

"Good." Richie smiled, "Glad I take care of you enough to make you happy."

Eddie nodded fervently as Richie's alpha gaze caught sight of the way Eddie's slick ran down his inner thigh in a thick tendril. Richie leaned down, lapping it up with his tongue from inner thigh straight to the source. Eddie cried out at the feel of Richie's rough tongue against his suddenly exposed hole. Richie's had a hand on either of Eddie's cheeks, spreading him open delectably.

Eddie's body shuddered as his torso dropped against the bed, his hips lifting up as a physical manifestation of his steadily growing need. Richie sucked and lapped, licking deliberate stripes over Eddie's hole. Eddie whimpered loudly, his body hiccupping with lewd gasps that were falling out of his lips.

"Wait- Wait-" Eddie panted, "R-Richie-" Eddie grappled with the sheets, fisting them as his toes curled, "Fuck- Wait, stop. Shit."

Richie let out a small grunt, flitting his tongue in short little strokes before he thumbed at Eddie's hole, collecting the slick before he stuck his thumb in to press and grind against the pliant muscle.

Eddie yelped, his body jerking forward. He scrambled, twisting out of Richie's grasp. He turned onto his back and sat up, chest heaving. Richie stared at Eddie with wide eyes, his brows falling into a frown.

"Too much?" Richie tilted his head, "Usually when you put your ass in my face, I kind of tend to take it as a green light to, y'know, be inside it."

"I just..." Eddie's flushed cheeks puffed as he exhaled a large breath, "That was a lot so quickly. I wasn't gonna last."

"That was the point." Richie grinned mischievously as he wiped his mouth on his arm, "You usually tend to use my nose as a placemat for your asshole when you want me to lap it up like a melting ice cream."

"Oh, beep beep, Richie." Eddie scowled, his cheeks turning from a dusty pink into a furious crimson, "Never letting you rim me ever again."

"We'll see." Richie commented, "Now that you're calming down again, can we have sex?"

"Before we do that..." Eddie wrapped his arms around Richie, pulling the alpha down to him, their faces an inch apart, "I wanted to talk to you."

"About what?" Richie asked curiously as Eddie wrapped his legs around the alpha's hips, "If you want me to pay attention to our conversation then I'd slow down there, Road Runner."

"I wanted to talk about us. Our relationship." Eddie shrugged, "I've been thinking about it a lot."

"That seems to be a running theme in this house." Richie smiled, "I had that chat just fifteen minutes ago with our resident doctor."

"Stan's not a resident yet."

"He's a resident of this house, Eds." Richie snickered, "Play on words."

"Sneaky." Eddie smiled, "What's Stan thinking about."

"I'll let him tell you." Richie knew Stan would absolutely beat the shit out of him if he told Eddie. He liked to have his skin still on his body after all. Richie looked down at Eddie, who was nervously biting on his lip, "Why the sour puss, Spaghetti?"

"Hang on." Eddie frowned, "One sec."

"What?"



"Math." Eddie grunted as he continued to count under his breath, "Right."

"What?" Richie whined, pouting, "Eds, tell me."

"I'm about to go into pre-heat. It's the nineteenth." Eddie explained, "Had to work it out."

"So?"

"So, we're still synced." Eddie bit his lip, "So you're gonna go into pre-rut."

"And?"

"And after our pre-cycles..." Eddie trailed off again, eyes widening as he tried to push Richie to figuring it out on his own.

"We fuck like rabbits for a week straight?" Richie asked innocently, a simple smile had his lips curling into his mouth.

Eddie snorted in response, "Well, yes. If you have to be so damn gross about it. But, the thing is..." Eddie sucked in a breath, "I want... I mean-" He let out a sigh, "I want a litter, Rich."

Richie froze, his entire body stiffening as a wave of genuine shock knocked his system and sent his brain hurtling into a vivid void of infernal screaming. He blinked hard, his mate beneath him coming into a blurry focus.

"You what?" Richie's voice was strained and thick. He cleared his throat, "You- What? Wait, what? I- What?"

"What?"

"I asked you first." Richie sputtered, "You- You're serious?"

"Of course."

"Fuck, Eds." Richie sat up and ran a hand through his hair, "That, I was not expecting."

"I didn't know how else to bring it up." Eddie bit on his lip, "Sorry."

"Well, I mean..." Richie looked down at Eddie again, "When?"

"About that..." Eddie looked sheepish, "Y'know when we went for my last injection?"

"Yeah...?"

"I didn't get it." Eddie sat up, "I didn't say anything because I didn't want to freak you out but, like, I swear I was gonna tell you. I wasn't going to go into this with you and not tell you beforehand, I swear." Eddie urged as he sat up, "How do you feel?"

"Well, shit." Richie chuckled breathily, "Don't worry about me, asshole. I'm involved in the baby making process for five minutes. It's all you for ten weeks. Do you want to do this?"

"I wouldn't have brought it up if I didn't." Eddie insisted with a nervous smile, "I really want this."

"We can't stay here like this then, Eddie."

"You're right. We can't impose on Bill and Stan's tiny apartment with an entire litter. They're students. They have their own stress."

Richie pursed his lips, "We should talk to them before we do this."

"I hate it when you're right." Eddie sighed and then looked up, "But we still have a week to decide."

"Until then," Richie twirled his finger over Eddie's thigh, "You still wanna come?"

"Thought you'd never ask."

## 4. Chapter 4

"I'm considering that practice." Eddie heaved out a shaky breath as Richie threw himself down onto the mattress with a huff. Richie's body was still rife with the electric fizzles of his release. He flopped off of Eddie, letting the omega's legs drop down onto the mattress. He turned onto his side, letting out a breathless laugh as he wiped his sweaty hair from his face.

"Practice for what?" Richie asked as he took in a tiny gulp of air, his mouth dry and sticky.

"You giving me babies." Eddie grinned excitedly as he turned to look at Richie, "It's good to know you haven't lost any of your skill."

"Where the hell would I have lost any skill since the last time?" Richie sat up to get a cigarette, "It's been six hours since I was last inside you, Spaghetti."

"You never know." Eddie shrugged as Richie lit his cigarette and placed the glass ashtray on his chest as he closed his eyes peacefully and put an arm behind his head. He was still panting lightly, his body still pumping and coursing as though he had run a mile. He was trying to calm himself down.

Eddie was also still flushed and slightly sweaty, his tanned skin glistening only lightly.

"Yeah, sure. Practice." Richie smiled, inhaling a cloud of smoke, "How did I do, then?"

"Absolutely perfect." Eddie stretched his toes out at the end of the bed, his ankle cracking loudly, "Not that you've ever been anything less in bed."

"Oh, I'm sure there's been a few times where I could have done better." Richie ashed lazily and eyed his mate with a cheeky smile as he rolled the cigarette between two long fingers, "Hey, just because I get you going in all the right ways doesn't mean I don't take notes to make it better."

"You're open to constructive criticism?" Eddie asked curiously as his skinny frame twisted languidly, he rolled onto his stomach to stretch even more.

"Of course, Eds." Richie took another drag, exhaling slowly through his nose as he eyed the perfect dip of Eddie's lower back and the way it rose over the curve of Eddie's ass. Richie stared at Eddie's plump flesh for a second longer before he looked back at his mate's face, "I'd love to know what I can do for you, omega."

"Well..." Eddie trailed off, his face scrunching in thought, his lips pursing, "Hmm."

"Don't hurt yourself now." Richie chided playfully as he turned onto his side, propping himself up on his elbow with the ashtray between them, his long arm draped down over his side with the cigarette between his fingers, "Anything off the top of your noggin?"

Eddie's frown deepened, "I, uh... I can't actually think of anything. But if I do, I'll let you know."

"I'll keep you to that." Richie ashed again before taking another drag, "You change your mind at all?"

"About?"

"Me giving you a litter." Richie fidgeted nervously with his cigarette as he looked at his mate's rosy and glistening face. Eddie looked at Richie with a small quirk to his eyebrow.

"Do you want me to change my mind?"

"Don't do that." Richie stubbed out his cigarette and set the ashtray on the floor, "Don't overthink what I say." Richie grabbed Eddie gently to pull the omega's still pliant body onto his, "I'm asking because it's a big deal, omega."

"I know it's a big deal. But I think we're more prepared for this one than the last time." Eddie urged as he lay his hands on Richie's chest and put his chin on his clasped fingers.

Richie's head flashed back to six months ago, thinking back to when

he and Eddie had gone through the pain and sorrow of losing their first litter. Was it really only six months ago? It felt like a lifetime to Richie. It also felt so fresh in his mind. Richie ran a hand through Eddie's hair slowly, playing with the dark curls around his ears.

"I only want you to be ready for this. I mean, who knows how many pups we could land up with? Could be one or... Or five." Richie tried to hide the ache in his chest at the number.

Five.

The number meant so much to Richie and yet, Eddie had no idea. Richie had yet to be able to share with Eddie that they hadn't just lost one baby, but five. He knew Eddie couldn't cope. Wouldn't cope. No omega would cope with a loss like that, no matter how strong.

"Then we have one or five. I don't care." Eddie smiled brightly, "It's our family, Rich."

"You get this glaze over your eyes when you talk about this stuff." Richie commented, brushing Eddie's cheek, "It's cute."

Eddie hid his face in Richie's chest, letting out a bashful whine, "No I don't. Shut up."

"Oh, yes you do. Glazed like a donut." Richie grinned, watching Eddie's face twist with embarrassment, "Aww, Eds. So cute, m'boy!"

"Shut up!" Eddie whined unhappily as he sat up on Richie, slapping him on the chest, "Why are you such a dickhead?"

"In mah bones." Richie laid on a thick Scottish accent, "In mah bones, laddy!"

Eddie cackled at the voice, yelping as Richie grabbed him around the middle, rolling them over in one swift motion. Eddie giggled raucously as the alpha pinned his arms down. Richie growled down at his mate playfully, baring his teeth. Eddie's laugh tinkled around the room, a bright and invigorating sound that could make the grumpiest man smile.

"You're so fucking stupid." Eddie managed between laden breaths, his

eyes glossy as he stared up at his alpha, "So stupid."

"Yeah," Richie shrugged, tightening his grip on Eddie's wrists, "But who's stupider? The fool or the fool who loves him?"

Eddie's eyes widened, "Did you just call me stupid for loving you?"

"Am I wrong, though?" Richie snickered, "Honestly, take a step back and analyse who you're married to, here."

Eddie's face scrunched up with distaste, "God. I'm bonded with you. You. Trashmouth. The skidmark of Derry."

"At your service." Richie bowed his head, "I wouldn't go as far as to say skidmark though. More like... Comedic airbag."

"Airbag?"

"Y'know, I soften the blow of the shitty town we lived in."

"You didn't soften shit, Trashmouth." Eddie's laugh was incredulous, "If anything, you only added to the taint-tightening horror of Derry."

"Oh, eat shit." Richie scoffed, "I wasn't that bad!"

"You chased me with an old sock you found in the Barrens for fifteen minutes!" Eddie sat up, pushing Richie back with a powerful kick of his lean leg, pressing his foot to Richie's sternum, "You had no fucking filter back then."

"As opposed to now when I'm as filtered as a French press coffee?" Richie raised an eyebrow, "Oh yeah, censored to God."

Eddie rolled his eyes with a sigh of exasperation, folding his arms, "You still have no filter, Tozier. But you're different now that you've presented."

"People have been sayin' that." Richie scratched his chin, feeling a slight stubble that he would have to shave off soon, "Perhaps it's true."

"We should go and see if Bill and Stan are awake." Eddie bit his lip,

"Talk to them about our plans."

"Yeah. Rip the band-aid." Richie sat back, "Although, I'm sure Stan'll be grateful as hell that he won't have to walk into his kitchen and see my bare ass every morning."

Eddie groaned, "You did it again?"

"What?" Richie grinned, "He knows it's a possibility and yet he still shits his pants."

"Why can't you just put on shorts or something?" Eddie removed his foot from Richie's torso and went to climb out of their bed, stretching as the sun hit his skin. He let out a long yowl as he reached for the ceiling, standing on his toes.

His lax body dropped back down and he turned to see Richie eyeing him with an animalistic glint.

"Don't even think about it." Eddie snatched up a comfy pair of shorts from the floor, "Get dressed."

Richie let out a groan at the idea of clothing, whining like a child as he flopped onto the bed, "No. I don't wanna."

Eddie scoffed as he pulled on a cardigan, skipping a shirt entirely. He folded his arms as he stood at the foot of the mattress, looking down at Richie's head that was hanging off the end of the bed.

"Get dressed, Rich."

"No. I plead the fifth." Richie offered up with a sheepish grin, "Does that get me out of putting on pants?"

"The fifth amendment," Eddie sighed, "No, dumbass. All that does is protect you from being held for committing a crime unless you have been indicted correctly by the police."

"So it kinda works in this situation."

"How are you being held for a crime you didn't commit?"

"I..." Richie's face contorted as he thought about it, "Damn. Fine." He rolled over and got up, strolling to his side of the closet, "But I'm putting on pants and that's it. If you make me wear a shirt, I'll shit on everything you love, Eddie."

"Fantastic." Eddie began making the bed, putting the pillows on the armchair as he tucked the canopy back to the head of the bed. Richie pulled on a pair of sweatpants, hopping into the garment when his foot got caught. He tied the string around his hips and turned to see Eddie folding their blanket down to the foot of the bed with meticulous fawning.

Richie stood, leaning against the closet with his arms folded and a smile on his face. He watched Eddie flit around the bed, scurrying like a mother mouse as he neatened corners and folded sheets. Eddie leaned over to fluff their pillows and turned, balking when he saw Richie watching him.

"What?"

"Nothing." Richie shrugged, his smile widening, "You're just very cute, Eds."

"I'm literally making the bed." Eddie snorted, "Someone has to do it."

"What, are you inferring that I can't make the bed?" Richie snipped irritably, a teasing smile on his lips as he tried to feign his offence.

"I'm not inferring shit, Jack." Eddie poked Richie on the shoulder, "You can't make the bed to save your life."

"I think you mean that I actually can make the bed but you're just incredibly anal and like your bed made a specific way." Richie pointed out simply, his finger in Eddie's direction. Eddie stared at the accusing digit before his eyes darted to Richie's face.

"Point that at me and I'll break it off." Eddie warned, "And no, I don't like it a specific way, I just like it to be done neatly. That adjective is way beyond your comprehension, Tozier. The only thing you like neat is your whiskey."

"I resent that." Richie argued as Eddie opened their bedroom door. He



turned, following the omega out into the living room, "I don't drink whiskey. I'm more of a gin guy."

"You're an ass." Eddie turned and knocked on the other bedroom door gently, hearing Bill's voice calling them in. Eddie opened the door to see Bill laying in bed on his laptop and Stanley curled up beside him reading a medical textbook. Richie smiled at them as he entered the bedroom.

"Morning." Bill set his laptop down on the floor and sat up properly as Stan bookmarked his place in his textbook, putting it on the bedside table, "How'd you guys sleep?"

"Not very much." Richie grinned, earning a slap to the arm.

"They have heightened hearing, dumb ass. They know how much we slept. You don't need to announce your sexual escapades to every single person." Eddie scolded before he turned to throw Bill and Stan an apologetic glance.

"I beg to differ." Richie perched himself on the edge of the bed by Bill's feet. He turned to pat the space beside him, looking at Eddie.

Eddie shifted uncomfortably from foot to foot, eyeing the space on the bed where the two alpha's and the pack leader's mate were all congregated. His eyes shifted from the bed to Bill and he tilted his head.

"You're allowed, Eds. C'mon." Bill smiled, "You're a good omega."

Eddie smiled as he crawled onto the bed to sit beside Richie, smiling at the granted permission from his pack leader. It may have been such a simple approval and grant of access, but to Eddie as an omega, it was as though he had been given permission to be backstage at a concert. Such a high honor, being allowed into a pack leader's bed.

"What's up?" Bill asked as he looked at them both, "Is something wrong?"

Richie and Eddie looked at each other for a second before Richie spoke, "Why don't you talk. This is all about what you want, omega."

"Alright..." Eddie shifted closer to Richie before he looked at the two across from him. He looked at Bill but not directly, eyes cast to the leader from the side in a show of submission as he directly addressed him, "Richie and I were talking a little bit earlier and well, he and I are going into our pre-cycles soon. After that... I want to breed again. Properly. I- I want to have a litter of my own."

Stan went pale despite how well he kept his face nonchalant. His expression didn't waver despite the sudden pallor of his skin and the small wave of panic in his eyes. He looked at Bill, who seemed pensive at the news.

Eddie waited for either of them to talk, small waves of anxiety snaking into his system. Richie felt the singe in his mate mark and he put a reassuring hand on Eddie's knee.

After a moment of silence, it was Stanley that spoke, leaning forward to take one of Eddie's hands in both of his own.

"Are you sure about that, Eddie? Is that what you want?"

"It's been half a year. I've gone through a lot since then, I know. What happened in December affected us all and I know that if I carry another litter, it will be dangerous. But since December, I've gone through six heats where I didn't get to successfully breed, my body didn't carry out its basic need and I felt the ache in my stomach every time. The empty pit of desolation that I failed my alpha by not doing what I'm meant to."

Both alpha's looked at Eddie with the widest sympathy in their eyes. They both knew exactly what 'ache' Eddie was talking about. They both knew how badly it hurt when you finished your cycle and you haven't successfully bred.

"So, you have given it thought?" Bill asked in a whisper. Eddie's gaze tore from Stan to Bill and he nodded solemnly. Bill thought for another moment, rubbing his chin idly, "And when do you want to try?"

"This cycle coming up."

"Have you stopped your monthly treatment?" Stanley asked curiously, receiving a nod from the omega, "Interesting."

"Now..." Eddie squirmed uncomfortably, "I know how big this is that we want to do this but I also know that it's not something I want to dump on all of you. Rich and I spoke about it and when we're successful and I do become pregnant, we're gonna leave and-"

"Hang on, what?" Bill looked at him suddenly, his head snapping up in alarm, "Leave?"

"Well yeah, buddy." Richie frowned, "You guys can't juggle a pregnant omega, prep for babies on the way and your studies."

"First of all, of course we can." Stanley snorted as though it were obvious. He and Bill looked at each other, exchanging loaded glances of a silent conversation before Stanley continued, looking to Richie, "We don't want you guys to leave. You're our pack. We knew that if you guys came with us that you may want to try again for a family and we accepted that as part of our responsibility, too."

"Seriously?" Eddie seemed genuinely surprised. As surprised as Richie was.

"Of course." Bill answered as though it were obvious, "We wouldn't make you two leave to raise pups on your own. A pack raises their pups together, not apart."

"And secondly," Stanley scowled at Richie, "You think you can do it yourself? A job, a pregnant and needy omega, prep for babies on the way as well as making sure you're still alive at the end?"

Richie balked when Eddie let out a worrisome whimper.

"But you guys have so much to do." Eddie whined, "You're so busy."

"Will you relax, omega?" Stanley smiled, "It's our basic and natural instinct to care for our offspring. We can juggle it with our work. The same way Richie will juggle being a dad while he works, too. And I'm sure," Stan looked at Richie pointedly, "When Richie has to go to work, he doesn't want to leave his pregnant mate alone."

Richie went pale, his entire face dropped into a genuine contortion of fear and panic. He looked at Eddie with wide eyes, "No. No- I-No, I'm not leaving you alone, Eds. I can't- I won't-"

"Richie, relax." Bill's voice broke through Richie's small panic bubble. Richie looked at the alpha's hand on his knee and he sucked in a shaky breath, nodding, "We'll help you look after your mate. That's why we're all together. Family."

Richie nodded, "R-Right. Yeah. Yeah, no. Okay."

Eddie looked at his alpha, genuine concern at how vulnerable Richie looked for the first time in months. Eddie had never really seen him look that way before. Stripped of his bravado and charisma, stripped of his shield of humor to lay bare. Eddie hadn't realized just how much toll their trauma had taken to the alpha. He knew Richie had been upset and hurt by the loss of their first litter. Of course, he was. But Eddie didn't know the sheer volume and extension of that pain.

He put a hand on Richie's leg, looking up at him earnestly. Richie looked at his mate with anxious eyes.

"Hey, I know you won't let me get hurt." Eddie whispered, "It won't happen again, Rich."

"I know." Richie sighed, "I know. It's different now. We're different now. But it's hard to just forget something like that."

"No one's saying that you have to forget." Bill urged, "If anything, forgetting is the opposite of helpful. If you forget, you won't be able to learn from what happened. Now, you both have grown stronger and you're both more prepared for what could go wrong. Sure, there was a heavy price to pay, but you won't make those mistakes again."

"I guess." Richie trailed off and he looked between Bill and Stan again, "Are you sure about this? What about all the crying and late nights?"

"How is crying and late nights any different for two second year students?" Bill snorted a laugh, earning a fervent head nod from his mate, "It just won't be us crying. But it's still the same. Our natural

instincts will tell us either how to help or if we aren't needed then we know how to get passed the distraction."

"And by the time your babies are older and need to start having their own room or own space, it'll be a few years down the line and we might all be living together in a bigger house or something. We don't know what the future holds for us. Pack houses in the city are cheaper these days than smaller houses because of government pack laws. Especially if they have more than five members, excluding children."

"I-I didn't know that." Eddie whispered as he looked at Stan with hopeful eyes, "Really?"

"Bill and I like to plan ahead, Eddie." Stanley smiled, squeezing Eddie's hand, "If you want to do this, you have our support. And you also have Bev and Ben now, too. They're just around the corner. Walking distance."

"They may also have jobs but Ben is going to be doing an apprenticeship course first." Bill urged with a smile, "A paid apprenticeship. He'll have money and still be around. And Beverly is working as a secretary for a clothing company. A simple nine-to-five."

"That's so exciting." Eddie looked at his three packmates, his smile dropping, "Everyone is getting a job or starting a career except me. Maybe I should just-"

"Don't." Richie cut him off firmly, "Don't start that. I know you. Don't let everyone else's decisions affect yours. Just because everyone else is getting a job, it doesn't mean you have to."

"But..." Eddie frowned, "But-"

"Think about it this way, omega." Bill took Eddie's attention before he could spiral, "You're an omega, right?"

"Yes, alpha."

"You're gonna have a litter, right?"

"Yes, alpha."

"So, if you have a litter and then get a job, who's gonna look after them and love them every minute of the day? Are you going to let some random carer come in and do your job?" Bill asked simply.

Eddie's face darkened and he bared his teeth, letting out a small predatory snarl at the idea of anyone else looking after his litter. Bill smiled in response.

"There you go. Don't you worry about jobs and finances. That's not for you to worry about. You're an omega, you belong at home." Bill looked at Stan before he continued, "We're not saying that you can't get a job or that you wouldn't do it well, though. But as an omega, it's part of your role in the world. You'd be happier at home looking after your family than you would be in an office."

"And who knows? You could even get a job working from home on the side?" Stanley offered, "Once you're able to juggle having babies and a side job."

"I could do that..." Eddie whispered and then looked at Richie, "What do you think?"

Richie was quiet for a moment, taking in everything that had been said. He put a hand on Eddie's shoulder, "Whatever you decide to do, I support you."

Eddie's eyes filled with genuine tears and he leaned in, purring gently as he put his head on Richie's shoulder, nuzzling him silently. Richie wrapped his arm around Eddie, sliding the omega into his lap. Eddie put his head in the crook of his alpha's neck, scenting him lovingly.

Richie looked at his alpha, "So, you're cool with this?"

"Of course." Bill smiled and then looked at Stan, "Do they know our news?"

Eddie shot up suddenly, looking at them both, "News? What news?"

"Oh fuck." Richie chuckled as he held Eddie, "You've roused the beast."

"What news?" Eddie urged, "What is it? What happened? Oh no. Oh

fuck. What happened? Are you sick? Is it Bev? Oh god, I'm sick? It's me, isn't it?" Eddie swallowed shakily as he looked at Bill and Stan, his body practically vibrating with panic.

Richie bit down on Eddie's mate mark gently. The omega yelped as he submitted, his body going lax and pliant as he trembled. Richie kissed along Eddie's shoulder, pushing his cardigan aside.

"Relax, Eddie." Bill smiled, "It's good news. Don't get yourself worked up."

Eddie nodded silently, trying to calm himself down as he focused on their words and Richie's gentle touch.

"Now, I know there are a lot of things happening in the world to prevent this from happening legally," Stan explained slowly, making sure that Eddie was listening, "But we aren't going the legal route with this so it doesn't matter."

"What's going on?" Eddie finally asked as he looked at them both with a frown.

"Bill and I are getting married." Stanley smiled gently. Eddie's eyes widened in surprise.

"M-Married?" Eddie whispered, "You and... You are?"

"Just a simple ceremony." Stanley explained, "No church and state, no legal binds. Just us and our friends."

Eddie was quiet again, his frown deepening as he processed everything, "Married?"

"Yes." Bill nodded, "Like a bonding ceremony."

"That's..." Eddie looked at them before he smiled brightly, "Congratulations."

Everyone else in the room visibly relaxed as soon as Eddie's demeanor changed. No one seemed to be sure of how Eddie would react to the idea of marriage within the pack.

"And," Stanley added, "Bill and I have a small budget set aside for it. He's letting me plan it with a few of his requests thrown in. But I'm not very good at this sort of thing."

"What about Bev?" Eddie offered, "She's really good at stuff like this."

"Bev's gonna be busy sorting out our attire and her own job." Bill explained, "What we need is someone who's attentive, organized and good at planning. Someone with an eye for little details and someone who isn't afraid to yell at people."

Eddie sat up straighter when he saw Bill and Stan eyeing him with the smallest smile on their faces, trying and failing to hide their excitement.

"Wh- Me?" Eddie looked at them both, "You-You want me to plan your ceremony?"

"If you want to-"

"Well, fuck." Eddie grinned, twisting in Richie's lap to face them. Richie grimaced at the sudden shift of weight on his balls but remained silent, knowing that Eddie was way too excited right now, "I'd totally help!"

"We have a list of things-"

"No no." Eddie shut Bill up instantly, "I got this. Leave it all to me. No lists. The only list I want is of the stuff you want in the ceremony and the party. Everything else, I'll handle. Oh, and the budget. Is it going to be formal? What about flowers? You like cake, right? Oh, what about the appetizers? Oh, I know, you could do those little quiche things! Wait, or you could do chicken-"

Richie let Eddie babble on to Stanley as he eyed Bill. They shared a smug smile as Stan hung on to every word that Eddie spat out, nodding and smiling as he listened. Richie held his mate tightly, caressing his thigh with a gentle hand.

"-Oh, and no lilies. I hate lilies. Stan, I know you like lavender and tulips. We could even create a color palette from that. Oh! Is it going to be outdoors? How many guests? I mean, it depends, then. You



could also do something like a buffet? How many of your guests are gonna be kosher? Do you have a guest list yet? And what about your gift registry? Are you doing one? Okay, what about your decor-"

Richie closed his eyes, comforted by his mate's sudden spike in mood. He could feel the happiness bubbling in his mate mark. He could feel it radiating off of Eddie, his scent sweet and pure. Richie listened to Eddie's voice as he prattled on to Stanley, asking him question after question despite there being no room in between for any sort of answer.

He knew that later on he would have to take Eddie to the store later to get stationary. A planner and pens and markers and all sorts of shit that Eddie would use in his planning process. And as tedious as it sounded, to walk through a store while your mate buys a crap load of shit that Richie didn't care about, it sounded absolutely perfect.

## 5. Chapter 5

"While I was out yesterday, I got a few things." Eddie announced as he set an enormous plastic bag down in front of Stan at the dining table, making him jump.

"Shit, Eddie." Stanley eyed the packet, "What the hell is in there?"

"Well, I got myself a diary and a journal to plan this and to make sure you keep your dates in order. And to make sure I order everything by the right date." Eddie sat down and pulled out the leather diary and the matching journal. He also pulled out a set of coloured pens. Stanley looked at the pens.

"Why not just black?"

"Well, each color means a different thing." Eddie answered as though it should have been obvious, "I also got a few books."

Stan sat up at the mention of his favorite past time, "What kind of books?"

"Well," Eddie pulled out two recent bridal magazines, "They don't have these in Derry and I've always wanted to buy them to see what the fuss is about. Now I have a reason."

Richie chuckled nearby when he saw Stan's bleak face, "I told you. You've unleashed a beast, Kookie-kookie."

Stanley ignored Richie's comment as he looked at the thick glossy magazine, "I was dubious at first... But this could genuinely help."

Eddie pulled his tongue out at Richie and scooted closer to Stan, "I figured we can go through them to get an idea of what we like, make notes and see how much of this stuff we can find or even make on our own." Eddie smiled, "Apparently weddings these days are all about minimalism, a statement against the weddings of the eighties."

"That's right up my alley." Stan noted simply, "Exactly what I want."

"He wants a minimalist wedding up his alley. Just like he wants his

husband up his alley." Richie called as he scooted down into his usual armchair, reading through the latest issue of Spider-man.

"Don't you have... Anywhere else to be?" Stan looked up, "It's Monday. Why aren't you at work?"

"Work contract law." Richie looked up simply, putting his feet on the coffee table with his ankles crossed, "Two weeks leave for my cycle."

"God." Stan groaned and looked at Eddie, "Alpha's like to abuse the rules, don't they?"

"They gave him work to do while he's off on pre-rut." Eddie explained and then leaned back to look at Richie, "Shouldn't you be working?"

"I should." Richie licked his thumb and turned the page, "But I'm not."

"Richie, don't leave it too late. In a week we're going to be trying to have a baby. I need all of your focus on that. Not on credit and debit margins."

Richie looked up with a small smirk, "You think I honestly need to focus on coming inside you, Eds? That's about as natural of thing for me as breathing."

Stan grimaced, rolling his eyes as he began reading through an article on silk versus satin napkins.

"Well, please." Eddie urged, "At least do some of it. For me. It'll make me happy."

Richie spied his mate with narrowed eyes over the top of his comic book. He set it down on the table and walked passed them both into the bedroom. Eddie smiled and returned back to Stan.

"So, let's start simple." Eddie opened the notebook to the first page where Stan already saw that Eddie had made a checklist for every single item, "Flowers. What flowers or greenery do you want for your venue?"

"Well..." Stanley bit his lip, "I-I don't know. Um..."

"Alright." Eddie smiled reassuredly, "New tactic. Color scheme?"

"My favorite color is green. Bill likes blue." Stanley bit his lip, "Those don't look very nice together, though."

"They might." Eddie smiled as he flipped through the magazine, "If you make them dark. Like navy blue and a forest-y green. And a color in between."

"That rhymed." Stan smiled as Richie came out of the bedroom with a cardboard box of papers and files and a pencil between his teeth.

They watched Richie sit down on the floor in front of the coffee table. Richie pulled out a few files in a stack and began going through them in silence. Once they were sure that the alpha was deep in his own work, they continued to talk.

"So, navy and dark green." Stan smiled, "What other color?"

"Something light." Eddie noted, "Maybe an off-white?"

"I like it so far." Stan smiled, "What's next?"

Eddie scribbled the choices down in one of the books before he went back to look at his index page, "A basic guest list. Doesn't need to be the exact one."

"Well, Bill and I." Stanley nodded, "You and Rich, Ben and Bev, Mike. And maybe one or two of our friends from class."

Eddie wrote down the names and looked up, "No family?"

"As much as I'd like to..." Stan trailed off, "No."

"Okay." Eddie squeezed Stan's hand, "That's fine. Now... Any ideas on when you want it to happen?"

"Shit," Stanley sighed, "I'd prefer it be before you have your litter. Because I want your focus on that rather than have it split between my wedding and your babies."

"Okay. I'll keep that in mind." Eddie smiled as he wrote down in his

journal, "So, now... I want you to go through all of those magazines. I bought about five. Mark the pages of the stuff you like and we can go through it when you're done." Eddie stood up, "You want tea, Stanny?"

"Please." Stan whispered as he continued to page through the book he already had been going through. Eddie walked into the kitchen, pouring water into the kettle to boil it before he walked back out to go and sit by Richie.

Eddie was glad that his pre-heat had only started and that he wasn't five days in or something. He was still perfectly fine and lucid, the only difference was now he could feel himself wanting to be around Richie a bit more than normal. He felt safer when the alpha was in the room and looked for Richie's approval on a fairly clingy basis.

"Happy?" Richie looked up as Eddie sat on the sofa behind him. Eddie smiled and leaned down to put his head on Richie's shoulder, looking at the columns of numbers that made almost no sense to him.

"Very." Eddie kissed Richie's neck, smelling the mint scent that had only the faintest trace of rut in his scent.

"Good." Richie breathed, looking at the numbers that were becoming increasingly illegible, "I'm also trying to concentrate here. You're not helping."

"Did I say I was going to help?" Eddie whispered softly, brushing his lips over Richie's scent gland.

Richie's grip on the pencil tightened instantly, his body shifting to sit straight up. Richie tilted his head, giving his mate access as he wrote a few numbers down.

Eddie moved his mouth down to suck gently on Richie's mate mark. Richie's jaw clenched at the feeling, the pencil in his hand suddenly snapping in half.

Both Stan and Eddie jumped at the shattering wood. Richie dropped the pencil and he looked at Eddie with a small scowl.

"Go and make your damn tea." Richie ordered shakily, "Fucking

gremlin."

Eddie grinned as he hopped up, skittering into the kitchen. He made tea for himself and Eddie as Richie went to get himself a new pencil. Eddie stirred in sugar and milk before he carried the two mugs back to the dining room table.

Stan smiled as he took his cup and continued paging slowly. He looked up, "Eddie?"

"What's up?"

"What about something like this?" Stanley pushed the book across to Eddie, showing Eddie a wedding that the magazine had done a special cover on. It was very similar to what Eddie had mentioned with shades of dark green, teal, ivory and a toned down gold.

"I like that." Eddie smiled, "Classic colors for some classic boys."

Stan smiled, "I think Bill is gonna like this."

"Then we have a color scheme." Eddie smiled, "Found any flower ideas that you like?"

"A mix of white flowers and some green thrown in there. I don't know flowers."

"I'm surprised he doesn't want a bouquet of birds or some shit." Richie commented idly, twirling the pencil between his long and agile fingers.

Stan's head whipped up to look at Richie with a glare, "That's cruel."

Richie rolled his eyes, "God, take a joke, Salim Ali."

"Who?" Eddie frowned as he looked between the alpha and beta, "Who's that?"

"He's a famous Indian ornithologist." Stan explained with a shrug, "Your boyfriend thinks he's a genius because he knows a name."

"Excuse me." Richie sat up, "Boyfriend? I think not."

"What then?" Stan sighed, "Are you his husband?"

Eddie looked at Richie expectantly, "Yeah, what exactly are you?"

Richie balked suddenly, his brain feeling when he realized that he and Eddie hadn't even considered discussing this before. They had never really referred to each other to another person by something other than their respective name. Eddie was Eddie and Richie was Richie. Eddie was omega and Richie was alpha. They were mates. They were together. More than just boyfriends, but they weren't lawfully married.

"Uh..." Richie tilted his head as Eddie sipped casually on his tea, silently enjoying how uncomfortable Richie was looking.

"Yes, my love?" Eddie crooned softly, watching Richie blush heavily and look away.

"No. Nothing. Uh..." Richie cleared his throat, using his pencil to scratch his scalp nonchalantly, "We're mates."

"Poetic." Stan commented before he took a sip of tea and turned back to his magazine, eyeing Eddie, "Nice choice of partner, Eds."

"Just because you got the Adonis of Derry doesn't mean you get to rip on my relationship." Eddie admonished playfully, elbowing the beta as he leaned in. He pointed at a soft gold and green table setting, "What about this?"

"It's pretty." Stan muttered, "Bit too much gold, though. I don't want something so gaudy."

Eddie nodded, sitting beside Stan as he pushed slowly, taking in all of the details on the pages.

"Yeah sure. Stan gets Adonis and Eddie's stuck with Hephaestus." Richie snorted, "Cool."

"Oh, don't be dramatic." Stanley groaned, "No one called you Hephaestus. No one said you have a deformity and no one is casting you from Mount Olympus."

"So, then who am I?"

"Koalemos." Stanley shrugged, smiling at Richie. The alpha stared at Stan for a long second, "Any idea who he is?"

Richie pursed his lips, "No, I don't."

"Irony, thy name is Trashmouth." Stanley sighed, turning in his chair to fully face Richie, putting one leg over the other, "Koalemos was the God of stupidity."

"Oh, fuck off. He was not." Richie scoffed indignantly before he looked at Eddie, "Right, Eds?"

Eddie shifted in his seat, his lips rolling into his mouth, "Sorry, Rich."

"Yowza." Richie sighed, putting a hand to his chest, "Right in the chest. Shot me down in my prime."

"It's sad that this is your prime." Stanley turned back to the table, "God bless your offspring."

Richie scowled down at his work, letting them both go back to their planning. He continued to read through the notes that he had been given, scanning through the instructions for each process and each term. He sighed and got up, looking around in the kitchen for a moment before he walked over to the two boys. He peered over Eddie's shoulder to see them looking at wedding dresses.

"Ooh, Kookie." Richie grinned, "You're brave. I mean, you'll look good in white but make sure you find something flattering or you'll look like Eddie's mom and a blowfish had a baby and wrapped it in cashmere."

"Oh, fuck off." Eddie scoffed, clicking his tongue as he looked up, "What the hell do you want anyway?"

"Calculator." Richie shrugged as though it were obvious, "Brain hurts too much to do it manually."

"And you think you'll find a calculator wedged in the pages of Bride and Stem?" Eddie asked sarcastically as he pushed the magazine



towards Stan and looked up at Richie, bending his neck to stare up at the alpha upside down.

"Nah. Weddings and calculators don't mix. The groom never wants to know how many organs he needs to sell." Richie smiled as he leaned down, kissing Eddie's nose, "I was hoping you'd have one."

Eddie smiled at the small token of affection, "'Fraid not. Stan?"

"Desk drawer in my room." Stan muttered without looking up, "Top drawer."

"That's why you're my favorite beta." Richie walked off towards Stanley's bedroom with a grin.

"I'll be sure to let Bev know when we see her later." Stanley commented idly, his voice furled with a bored lull. Richie froze in the doorway and turned to look at Stan.

"You wouldn't dare."

Stan looked up innocently, "Wouldn't I?"

"I think he would." Eddie whispered and looked at Richie, who was still and wide-eyed, "He'd tattle on you without even thinking."

"I give zero shits about your well-being, Trashmouth. Beverly can tear you apart and I'd probably pay her a reward for her service to our country." Stan ear-marked a page before turning it over, "Any other sort of emotion I feel toward you is usually mixed in with some contempt and a little bit of pity. Or shame. Lots of shame."

Richie eyed Eddie with his hands on his hips, calculator tucked into the waistband of his shorts, "Does he have an off switch?"

"I do. Located next to yours." Stan looked up again at Richie, "When you find your own, let me know. I'd like to experience peace and quiet for once."

"Just because I find it, doesn't mean I'd press it." Richie shot back as he went to get the calculator from Stan's desk. He grabbed it, returning to the living room, "Why would I give you the satisfaction

when I can tell you all my cool jokes for twenty hours a day?"

"Only twenty?" Stan asked sarcastically, "Gee, why does it feel like so much longer?"

"Your sense of time is warped when your head is up your own ass." Richie commented idly as he sat back down on the floor and began punching numbers.

Eddie stifled a giggle into his empty tea cup, avoiding Stan's livid gaze and his steadily reddening face. Eddie set the cup down, put his hands on the magazine and leaned in, "What do you think about having a night party? Fairy lights? Lanterns..."

Stan stared at the page, his lips pursed and soured from his recent argument loss. Eddie could feel how smug Richie was through his mate mark. He couldn't help but want to smile.

"Stan?"

Stanley blinked and looked down to where Eddie was pointing, "Huh?"

"Night party? Pretty lights? Moonlight...?"

"Stan's already familiar with planets. He doesn't need any of them at his wedding. Not the moon, not Saturn... Or Uranus." Richie snickered and Stan hung his head, closing his eyes, "Hey, Stan? What's the weather like in Uranus right now? Any frequent flyer miles?"

"Same balmy temperature you're gonna experience in hell." Stan shot back simply.

Richie tutted his tongue, "Woulda worked if your religion let you believe in hell, Stanny. No can do." Richie sighed, "Besides, living in this place with you already is hell."

Stan scoffed, "Oh, yeah. Rent free, food provided, roof over your head. It's like a nightmare."

Eddie looked at Richie, "C'mon, Rich. Don't be rude."

"He knows I'm kidding." Richie smiled, "Right, Kooks?"

"Yeah." Stanley replied curtly, "As always. That's you, Rich. Always fucking kidding." Stan got up and looked at Eddie, "Scuse me."

Eddie watched Stanley walk into the bathroom and shut the door. Eddie turned his venomous gaze into Richie, who looked back at him vapidly.

"What?"

"Look what you did." Eddie hissed as he got up and stalked over to Richie on the floor, "You upset him!"

"The fuck I did!" Richie hissed back in a whisper, "He's the one getting so uptight!"

"You were being rude, Richie." Eddie folded his arms, "He's doing his best for everyone and you're making fun of it."

"Was not."

"Richie, look what you said to him."

"But it was a joke-"

"Doesn't mean it didn't hurt." Eddie interrupted sharply, "He's so stressed right now, Rich. He's getting married in less than ten weeks even though it's strictly against his entire faith system. He's studying to be a damn doctor and outgoing himself through medical school and he's helping us prep for our own family."

Richie pursed his lips as his eyes glanced to the closed bathroom door and back up to his mate, "Didn't think off that."

"Of course you didn't." Eddie rolled his eyes, "Stop thinking about what's funny and start thinking about what's needed. Be an alpha. Bill isn't around so you're in charge. Act like it."

"Yes, mom." Richie got up and flinched when he heard the instant comment that rolled out of his mouth automatically. He glanced at Eddie again to see his lips rolled into his mouth, his entire face

unimpressed, "Sorry."

"Go. Fix." Eddie pointed to the bathroom door. Richie hung his head as he tucked the pencil behind his ear and skulked toward the bathroom. He leaned in to the door to make sure that he wouldn't walk in on Stan actually using the bathroom.

It was dead silent.

Richie opened the door to peer into the small tiled room. At first, in the dark, he couldn't see Stan until his eyes adjusted. Stan was sitting in the bathtub, his usual place to go when he wasn't coping. Richie pursed his lips, feeling a small stab of guilt as he slipped into the room and closed the door behind him.

"Stan..."

"More jokes?" Stan asked, not looking up from where he had curled up against the back of the tub, half his body hidden by the white shower curtain.

Richie walked to the tub and pushed the curtain aside before he went down onto his knees, putting his arms on the rim of the tub and his chin on top.

"All out for now." Richie shrugged, "Dryer than..." Richie trailed off, the end of his pun right on the tip of his tongue, threatening to fall like a drop of rabid drool in an angry dog's mouth. He swallowed it back and tilted his head, "Sorry about- about before."

"Sure." Stan nodded simply, "I know you are. It's your thing. Always has been."

"What did I say that upset you, beta?" Richie asked curiously, "I don't remember."

"See? That's the thing." Stan's let out a small, mirthless laugh, "You don't remember. Your comments just fly out without you even realizing what you're saying and then by the time the damage is done, you can't be held accountable because you have no fucking idea what you did."

"I didn't say I wasn't accountable." Richie frowned, "It was my joke that upset you. Which was it?"

"Just all of it, Richie." Stan frowned deeply, staring ahead of him at the side of the sink, "Hypocrisy about who can comment and who can't. Joking about my wedding. Joking about my job. About my choice in mate. About my home. Joking about my religion. You don't think it matters but every time you take a jab at me that's not actually a joke... It adds up. Yeah, I get it. Jewish doctor, very funny. I get it, alpha and a beta together is so awful. Yeah, my wedding is small and probably stupid. My religion is fucking ridiculous. I think these things too, Richie."

"Stan-"

"But it's different when I think it and then you say it. It validates how I feel and invalidates the fact that I care about it." Stan scoffed, "I get that jokes are your thing. I get that it's your coping mechanism. It's just who you are. But why is it always me?"

"I take the shit out of everyone." Richie shrugged, "Equal shit taking."

"You don't. Not anymore. You barely tease Eddie like you used to ever since you started dating. You barely tease Beverly in the first place unless it's about her sex life. Bill... Well, you barely find anything to tease him about. Ben is an easy target around you because he's so shy. But each of those people, you pick one or two things. And then with me..." Stan sat up and looked at Richie, "You take the shit out of everything I do. Not just one thing like the others."

Richie frowned, "You really see it that way?"

"How am I meant to see it?"

"I-" Richie looked down, "All my life I use my jokes and shit as a way to be comfortable when I'm afraid or anxious. And I do it to people that I'm close to. The more I tease you, the closer I feel because I thought that..." Richie frowned, "If we shared something together, you'd understand the jokes I make. We're both Jewish, I thought you'd get my jokes. We're both mated so I joke about it."

"So, what about all your comments on my studies or things we don't have in common?"

"Joking means I'm comfortable." Richie stated simply, "If I'm comfortable enough to tease you, it's my way of showing you I care enough to remember things about you. There's a difference between teasing and insulting."

"How?"

"I'd tease you about your birds or your religion but I'd never insult them because I know they mean a lot to you." Richie shrugged, wringing his fingers as he began to feel an uneasy knot in his stomach, "I wouldn't tease someone I don't like but if they're an asshole, I'd insult them."

"Like Bowers?"

"Exactamundo." Richie nodded, "I thought you knew or... Or you just accepted that that's how I do things."

"If that's supposed to be your reason for things then why don't you pick on Eddie as much? You used to tease him for literally everything. From his haircut to how white his shoes were." Stan frowned, "And now that you're mated and you're supposedly in love with him, you don't tease him. Why?"

Richie thought for a moment, glancing at a rust spot near the faucet of the bathtub, "It's different. I do tease Eddie. A lot more when we're alone. Maybe every now and again. When we're with our pack or in front of others, my instincts stop me from teasing him because I'm meant to protect him. Or... I'm supposed to praise him because I know he needs it."

Stan remained silent, his hands holding onto the silver rails on the inside of the bath as he chewed on his bottom lip. Richie felt like he was going to vomit or pass out. Or both. He felt so guilty and so ill at ease about the entire situation. Not only did Richie feel bad but so did his inner wolf. He was skulking around and pawing at the floor because he knew he was the reason for one of his pack members feeling this way.

"I didn't think it would upset you this way, Stanny." Richie looked at him with earnest, his heart clamoring in his chest as he tried his best to convey his feelings in the right way, "I don't think your shit is stupid."

"It's okay if you do. We don't have to like the same things." Stan shrugged, "But you don't have to voice it every single time."

"Noted."

"But I can tell you one thing in regards to what I think is stupid." Stan shrugged as he lifted his knees up a bit.

Richie frowned and tilted his head to the other side, adjusting his position on his knees, "Oh? What's that?"

"Your shitty face."

## 6. Chapter 6

"Big Bill?"

"Trashmouth?"

"I have a question for you." Richie turned to look at his alpha when the two of them were laying in Bill's room. Eddie and Stan were making phone calls in the living room to florists and bakers and God knows who else. They had told Richie and Bill not to get involved and the two alphas were banished to the bedroom to watch VHS tapes on the new video player Bill had bought for them all.

Bill paused their movie and looked down at the alpha that he was cuddling, "What's up?"

Richie turned onto his stomach to look at Bill properly, "Eddie and I go into cycle in three days. Why aren't you in pre-rut? You're usually in sync with us or a few days ahead."

Bill pursed his lips, "I'm going through pre-rut."

Richie leaned in to give his alpha a small sniff. Bill didn't have a musky rut smell at all. In fact, his usual campfire smell had dwindled down to barely recognizable. Richie looked up with a frown, "You aren't."

"I am." Bill corrected, "I just put myself on a scent neutralizer for this cycle."

Richie sat up in surprise, "What? Why would you do that?"

"You and Eddie are going on try and have a litter. You and I are both rutting and even if you're mated to Eddie, his biological instincts would look for the highest alpha in his pack to breed him even if he doesn't necessarily want it. The smell would call out to him." Bill shrugged, "This is special for you both so I decided to neutralize my smell. It doesn't interfere with my rut. I'm just as hard up and agitated as you are, the smell is just gone."

Richie frowned, "Isn't it uncomfortable, not producing a scent?"



"It's not unpleasant." Bill shrugged, smiling at Richie, "I can deal with it for your sake."

"I was kinda worried that I couldn't smell you." Richie admitted, "I thought it was me."

"Now you know."

"How does Stan feel about this?"

"He doesn't have a cycle so it doesn't affect him. We're both still holding off until I hit my rut. With the smell out of the way, it's easier for us to both live our lives until I go under. Although, it will be a little weird not having a smell in my rut."

"Aw fuck," Richie sighed, "Now I feel bad."

"It's my choice. As the alpha, I have to think about everyone in my pack and not just myself." Bill smiled, "The alpha giveth and the alpha taketh away."

"Alright Bill Shakespeare." Richie snorted, "Show off."

"Speaking of my pack." Bill turned onto his side as he scooted down to where Richie was on the bed, "I have something to ask you."

"What's up, Billiam?"

"Considering everything that's happening, I forgot to ask you but I'd better get it out of the way now already." Bill shrugged, "Richard Tozier, would you do me the terrifying honor of being my sort-of-but-not-really best man?"

Richie's eyes widened in surprise as he looked at Bill, staring into his bright blue eyes, his chest heaving, "What, really?"

"Of course, man."

"Dude..." Richie breathed before he fanned his face, laying back on the mattress, "Gettin' a boy all flustered, sir." Richie crooned in a pitchy Southern drawl.

Bill chuckled as he leaned down over Richie with a grin, "My apologies, ma'am."

"For real, though? You're not fuckin' with me?"

"I mean it, Rich. You're my best friend." Bill urged as he leaned down to nuzzle Richie's face with his own, "I wouldn't have anyone else at my side."

Richie closed his eyes, letting the alpha scent him. He sighed at the comforting feeling. Although, it was a little disconcerting not to be able to smell his pack leader when he was being praised, the feeling did make his chest swell.

"Thanks, alpha." Richie breathed as Bill lifted himself up a bit to look down at him, "Really. It'd be dope."

Bill chuckled, "Glad you think a place in my psuedo-wedding is quote unquote dope."

"I'm not good with words at the best of times but now I'm not only in pre-rut but I'm also emotional and horny. You're lucky I can say anything at this point."

"I wouldn't call that 'luck'." Bill chuckled as he leaned down, "Your mouth being open is the opposite of luck unless it's got something in it to keep you quiet."

Richie stared up at Bill, swallowing against the sudden lump in his throat, "Something in my mouth like... Like pizza?"

Bill chuckled and sat up away from Richie, "I'm definitely in pre-rut. How else do you explain me thinking you're attractive."

"Always feeling the love, thanks." Richie sat up a bit, "Rejection, insulted and left with blue balls by my own alpha. A good day so far."

Bill rolled his eyes, "If it's so bad to be teased by me then go, Trashmouth. I thought you could handle it."

"I can handle anything you give me, thanks." Richie scoffed, "I'm no pussy."

"I doubt that." Bill eyed Richie, an alpha twinkle in his eye, "If I fucked you now, you'd die."

"Excuse me." Richie sat up as he looked at Bill with indignation, "You don't think I can handle you and your knot?"

"Tell me one think you've had up your ass except your own head?" Bill asked simply. Richie opened his mouth and closed it again, scowling, "You're gonna go from nothing to something bigger than your arm?" Bill added on, "Sure."

"I could try." Richie shrugged, "I'm not against it."

"You're not made for it. Don't try and have sex with me just because you're horny." Bill snorted, laughing at his alpha, "If you want sex then go and get your omega."

Richie pursed his lips, "What if I wanted to fuck you?"

"I'd like to see you try." Bill laughed suddenly, his head throwing back, "Even if I let you try, instincts would kick in for us both and you'd end up being railed against the mattress instead."

Richie grimaced, "Sounds about right."

"Go on." Bill nodded to the door, "Go and find your omega. I can smell it on you."

Richie pursed his lips, "I'm not allowed. Eddie's making us wait until his heat so I don't waste anything."

"Gross." Bill cackled, "Can't waste your precious alpha load."

Richie rolled his eyes, "Apparently."

"I don't blame him." Bill shrugged, "He seems excited."

"He is." Richie put his hand on his mate mark, "I can feel it. I mean, I am too."

"I think we all are. Not for the prospect of you getting some, though. But for the outcome of you coming in my pack omega."

Richie grinned, "It's what I'm here for."

Bill's nose scrunched up, "Ew."

"Someone's gotta do it." Richie shrugged, "It's just business as usual."

"I'll tell Eddie that you think that sex with him is just business."

"You and Stan are definitely meant to be. All you guys wanna do is tattle on me." Richie pouted, "Stan on Monday and now you."

"What did Stan threaten to do?"

"Tell on me to Bev about when I said Stan was my favorite beta." Richie scowled, "Can't take a damn compliment."

Bill chuckled, "I'm sure he loved to hear it but again... Stanley doesn't like to give you attention because he's worried that your ego will grow to the point that you suffocate us all."

"My ego is a lot smaller than you all think." Richie amended, "Just because I'm an alpha, doesn't mean that I'm always cocky."

"Not always. Just... Always."

"Shut up." Richie bristled as he lay back next to Bill, "Let's finish the movie."

"Are you really that concerned about Michael Jordan and Bugs Bunny?" Bill snorted, "You don't even like basketball, Rich."

Richie shrugged, "Space Jam is better than nothing. Besides, Lola Bunny is hot."

"She's not even real."

"And that's supposed to stop me, why?" Richie snorted, "It's not even that I wanna nail her."

"Then what?"

"She's a rabbit. I'm a wolf." Richie grinned, "Instincts want me to chase her. Or worse."

"God forbid you go to the zoo sometime." Bill snickered, "Think of the massacre."

"They're in enclosures, though." Richie waved a hand, "No fun in that." Richie fiddled with his cigarette between his fingers, "No smoking in here, yeah?"

"Stan will kill you."

"Say no more." Richie got up and grabbed his lighter, padding out of the bedroom. He stopped in the doorway to see that most of the living room floor had been overtaken by piles of papers and pictures of wedding decor that all seemed to be arranged somehow.

Stan and Eddie were pouring over the phonebook, writing down numbers after numbers of whom Richie didn't know. He tiptoed through the minefields of paper towards the window when Eddie looked up.

Richie got to the window to open it and leaned towards it, elbows on the sill. He lit up his cigarette and took a drag, looking out at the busy street from their above ground storey.

Richie exhaled smoke out of the window before he set his cigarette down and turned to look at the two boys on the sofa.

"How's it going?"

"Getting down all of the available numbers for the things we still need to outsource." Eddie explained, "Need to get quotes and all that."

"Sure, sure." Richie shrugged, "Can I do anything?"

"Actually..." Eddie sat up and pushed his curly fringe from his face, "You can."

"What's up?"

"You and Bill need to go suit shopping." Eddie smiled, "Find some viable options for you both within the color scheme and within the budget."

"What's the thoughts on color scheme?" Richie took a drag of his cigarette, exhaling out of the corner of his mouth toward the window before he asked, "Are we all wearing classy black suits with some colorful ties or are we going all out in yellow suits or some shit?"

"Dark blues and greens with some gold and white." Eddie looked up. Richie thought about it, picturing dark cool tones and soft white colors as he rolled his tongue over his teeth before sucking on his front incisors.

"Sounds good." Richie shrugged, "Very manly."

Stan rolled his eyes and looked back down to write phone numbers. Richie noted the small smile on Stan's lips that he was clearly trying to hide.

"Before I whisk Big Bill away to turn him into Prince Charming," Richie sucked in a long breath of his cigarette before he stubbed it out halfway, "Edward, my dear. Can I see you for a second?"

Eddie looked up with a frown at the use of his whole name. He looked at Stan, "You're good for a few minutes?"

"Go on." Stan pulled the phone book closer to himself, "I'll be fine."

Eddie set his notebook down, straightening his shorts as he got up. Richie exhaled the last of his smoke before he took Eddie by the wrist to drag him into their bedroom.

"What is it, Rich?"

"Look," Richie sighed once he closed the door, "I've been avoiding this since you went to the doctor... But I can't really ignore it anymore."

"What?" Eddie sat himself down on the end of the bed, "Ignore what?"

"Remember when you went for your full check up and the scans and probing shit when we came to Boston? With Collins?"

"Of course." Eddie tilted his head, "I went for the test and then they called us back a few days later and... Oh." Eddie remembered that when he had been asked to go back for all of his results, Richie hadn't

gone with. He had made up some excuses to stay outside.

"I didn't want to know." Richie looked away, "It sounds fucked up. I didn't want to know how badly my fuck ups had ruined you. If I had ruined our chances or something."

"And you wanna know now?" Eddie asked, his entire body wanted to reach out to Richie when he saw and felt Richie's guilt, "Well... If we're trying then at least you kind of realize that we have the possibility to conceive, right?"

Richie shrugged, "Not necessarily. Just because we try, doesn't mean we can get it right. I mean what if your tests came back and you couldn't have a litter but you were determined to try anyway?"

Eddie nodded, understanding where Richie's thoughts were stemming from. Eddie patted the bed beside him with a smile. Richie eyed Eddie before he went to sit beside him.

Richie looked at Eddie's small hands holding one of his large palms.

"Do you want to know, alpha?"

"Yes and no." Richie sighed softly as he squeezed Eddie's hand in response, "I want to know if we have a chance after everything. Can I give you what you want, omega?"

## 7. Chapter 7

1995

*Ed die and Richie sat in the waiting room, sitting way too close together on the old sofa in the corner. Eddie was intently staring at all of the children's toys and scratched-through colouring books. Richie could feel and smell Eddie's anxiety. It made his smell sour and it burned his mate mark like hot ice.*

*Richie squeezed Eddie's thigh gently and leaned in to let Eddie scent him. Eddie took the offer, pulling Richie even closer to bury his face in the alpha's face.*

*Richie was so anxious and nervous but he had pushed it down to a dangerous level of internalizing. He knew that they both couldn't be scared and anxious. This was about Eddie, not him. Eddie was the one who was waiting to see if his body had been destroyed beyond repair. Sure, Richie still felt like it was his fault and he knew he would do everything in his power to make it better for his mate.*

*"Edward Kaspbrak?"*

*Eddie's head snapped up at the mention of his name, his entire body shuddered with a cold wave that even Richie felt in his skin.*

*Eddie looked at the doctor smiling from the doorway, holding the door open for him. Eddie looked at Richie, who gave him a reassuring smile.*

*"It's gonna be okay." Richie gestured to her, "Go on, omega."*

*Eddie got up and then turned when he saw Richie hadn't moved, "Alpha?"*

*"I'll be right here, Eds. I promise." Richie smiled, the gesture didn't quite reach his eyes, "I have a few things to sort out while you talk to the doctor."*

*Eddie bit his lip and nodded, turning to walk into the consultation room with his doctor. Richie got up, giving the receptionist the same forced smile before he stuffed his hands into his pockets and casually slid into the bathroom.*



*He locked the door behind him as he leaned against the wall and went down, holding onto the sink with both white-knuckled hands. His mouth twisted as the lump in his throat turned into a burp.*

*He knew if he even tried to force it up, he'd vomit. He was trying his best not to bring up his breakfast. He was shivering with the knot of fear in his stomach.*

*Eddie was sitting with his doctor, fidgeting with the watchstrap around his wrist as he looked around her office. She was looking through his file and making a few notes. The silence in the office was maddening.*

*"So," She smiled at Eddie softly, "How do you feel?"*

*"I feel sick." Eddie whispered, "I don't know if it's genuine fear or if it's because of the shot you gave me."*

*"Would you like a glass of water, Mr. Kaspbrak?"*

*"No thanks." Eddie politely declined with a lift of his hand, "What does it say?"*

*"Well, your blood work came back fine. Your blood sugar is a little low but that does happen in pre-heat so I'm not too worried. You don't have any blood-linked conditions or sexual diseases."*

*"Thank God." Eddie breathed, sitting back in his chair, "Fuck. Sorry-"*

*"It's alright." She smiled, "Your slick cultures came back, as well."*

*"And?"*

*"Perfectly healthy. No omega-related illnesses, either." She smiled, "We did see a few unusual cells in your bodily fluid smears. But you are a mated omega and that can sometimes happen."*

*"What does that mean?" Eddie leaned in, "Unusual cells."*

*"Let's look at it this way." She set the file down, "You have your bodily fluid that you secrete for mating."*

*"Slick, right?"*

*"Indeed, Mr. Kaspbrak." She smiled, "And then you have your seminal fluid that's released because, well, I don't need to tell you why." She chuckled and Eddie let out a sharp huff of breath in response.*

*"Are they different?"*

*"Well, of course they're a different kind of secretion. The discrepancy is what we see in male omegas because the slick is made from the same sexual organ."*

*"Right..." Eddie's cheeks flushed, "Yeah, I remember most of this from school."*

*"So, while one is merely lubrication and the other contains living sexual cells." She explained, "The lab techs did find cells in your slick."*

*"I'm sorry, what?" Eddie looked at her, "What in my what?"*

*"Mr. Kaspbrak." She chuckled slightly, "It's nothing to worry about, the lab technician found an unknown source of sex cells in your slick smear."*

*"Oh, for God's sake." Eddie groaned as he buried his head in his hands, his cheeks flushing, "I'm so sorry. I had no idea that would show up-"*

*"Please don't apologize." She dismissed his apology, "Everyone has their own coping mechanisms and if you're a mated omega in pre-heat, it's highly likely that you had sex with your alpha. If he wasn't in pre-rut, we wouldn't have even found sperm cells in the first place."*

*"God." Eddie peered at her through his fingers, "I'm so sorry." His face and ears were boiling hot and bright red, his stomach churning like stormy sea while his heart thumped against his ribs like a caged devil.*

*"Perfectly natural. You'll be happy to know, however, that they ran the culture from your alpha either way and he has perfectly strong genes. High sperm count, high motility."*

*"I can tell. His sperm is always in a rush to go places." Eddie jokes weakly, "I didn't doubt his abilities. It's my abilities that I'm currently having issues with."*

*"Ah, that." She looked at the file, "Would you like to know your results,*

*Mr. Kaspbrak?"*

*"Please." Eddie sighed, "Over and done with. Like a band-aid, right?"*

*"Your ultrasound," She opened the file, "It came back relatively okay. There is definitely scarring from your trauma and it is definitely still fresh. The scarring could hinder the latching of fetuses. It doesn't mean it won't happen or that you won't be able to carry a litter because of the scarring, but once you try to conceive, you need to be careful."*

*"What else?"*

*"Besides the scarring, your uterus looks fully-formed. That's wonderful. A good size," She nodded, "There is a small tilt to it which could explain the extra pain when you have your cycle."*

*"I see. But it won't stop the conception?"*

*"No." She looked through the notes, "Also, you're aware that because you have no birth canal, you can't have natural birth?"*

*"I know." Eddie nodded, "C-section, right? I have a question about that."*

*"Go ahead."*

*"Say I conceive next year and I have a c-section." Eddie began wringing his hands as his heart picked up it's pulse, "Can I possible have a second litter after that? Not right away or anything but if we want to have two litters, can I?"*

*"C-sections are the same for omegas as it is for any woman that's able to conceive and carry to term. Each caesarian is more complicated than the last and can often lead to infections in-"*

*"Okay." Eddie cut her off, squeezing his eyes shut as he held his hands up, "I get it. Thank you."*

*"You should be able to conceive, Mr. Kaspbrak, but that doesn't mean that you won't have complications. We can't tell you what they are because it differs from person to person. However, I strongly advise that when you and your alpha are ready to have a litter, do a lot of reading up on pregnancy and how to make sure that you're always safe."*

*"Of course." Eddie nodded, "Makes sense."*

*"Also, one last thing." She looked at the manilla folder one last time, "I'd suggest waiting at least six months from this point. Even if, in a month, you want to start trying, your body is going through a lot and the stronger you are physically, the better your chances of carrying. You don't want any hormonal complications or anything because of your contraception. And you need to heal."*

*"Six months? That's... June." Eddie frowned, "Sure."*

*"Okay." She nodded, "Anything else, Edward?"*

*"No, ma'am." Eddie smiled as he stood up and shook her hand, "Thank you for everything."*

*"You have my number if you need anything else." She walked with him to the door and opened it. Eddie walked out to see Richie sitting on the sofa, his arm along the back of the sofa, one leg over the other with a charmingly easy smile on his face.*

*"Ready to go?" Richie stood up, rubbing his hands on his jeans as Eddie pulled on his thick Winter coat.*

*Eddie pulled his gloves back on before he took Richie's hand. They walked out of the office and into the street. Richie looked at Eddie.*

*"Are you able to walk or do you want a taxi?"*

*"We can walk." Eddie shrugged, "I know it's cold but I need the fresh air."*

*Eddie turned to walk, missing Richie's flash of panic at his statement. Richie took Eddie's hand as they walked towards their apartment.*

*"What do you want for dinner?" Richie asked curiously, "Big Bill and his bimbo are out at a friend's place for a study circle or something. Just us."*

*"Hmm." Eddie pursed his lips as he looked around the street and at the shops they were passing, "Well, considering we aren't eating kosher tonight, why don't we get some take out?"*

*"Sure." Richie smiled, "Bacon cheeseburgers and milkshakes?"*

*"Perfect." Eddie stopped at the traffic light, pressing the button once for the assisted light. Richie walked up to the same light and began pressing the button incessantly, scowling when the small red light remained the same.*

*"C'mon." Richie scoffed, "Dumb thing."*

*Eddie pulled Richie's hand away from the button with a laugh, "Dummy. It doesn't change for you even if you fingerblast it. It's a timer."*

*Richie scoffed unhappily and leaned against the yellow pole, his scowl deepening as he stared at the red light.*

*"Hey, Rich?"*

*"Sup, nerd?"*

*"First off, comic-boy, you're the nerd." Eddie explained simply as they both walked across the street quickly. Eddie waved at the motorists in thanks as he passed.*

*They got to the other side of the road and turned down the street, their apartment only a few blocks down.*

*"You were saying?"*

*"Oh." Eddie clicked his tongue, "You're the nerd, not me. And secondly..." Eddie sucked in a breath, "Do you want to know what the doctor said?"*

*"You can tell me later, Eds." Richie smiled, "Is that something you wanna discuss in front of everyone?"*

*"True." Eddie looked around nervously, still uncomfortable about all of the people despite having ended his heat cycle two days previously.*

*"Eddie-weds?" Richie asked as he wrapped an arm around his mate, "Tell me something?"*

*"What's up?" Eddie asked as they walked around an old beta lady who was standing in the snow with a tiny, unimpressed sausage dog in a winter parka. Eddie crooned at the dog, craning his neck backwards as he waved at the dachshund.*

*Richie pulled out his keys as they got to the apartment building. He pulled out his keys to unlock, letting Eddie into the building before he walked in and let the door lock behind them.*

*They climbed up the two short sets of stairs in comfortable silence before they opened the door.*

*"Hey, guys." Bill greeted as they walked in, "Where did you get off to?"*

*Eddie hung his coat on the hook by the door, removing his gloves as Richie did the same. Eddie smiled at their pack leader on the sofa, "Went to the doctor."*

*"Oh yeah, your scan." Stan appeared in the doorway of his bedroom, holding a book to his chest, "How was it?"*

*"Coffee!" Richie announced loudly, making Eddie jump as the alpha barged his way into the kitchen, "Who wants something warm to fill their holes? Something that I made for them with love? Any takers?"*

*"Gross, Rich." Eddie scolded softly, "But I actually wouldn't mind."*

*"Tea or coffee?"*

*"Oh," Eddie breathed, "Didn't know you meant drinks. I just wanted something warm for my holes."*

*Richie's eyes widened in surprise before his face erupted into a wide grin as he leaned over the counter, "Oh really now, Eddie?"*

*"Ugh, God." Stan vociferated unhappily, his face twisting with a disgusted sneer.*

*Eddie leaned over the other side lightly, his leg lifting a bit behind him as he batted his eyelashes and gave the alpha a coy smile, "Yes, really. Unless you don't want to fill my holes. I can-" He jabbed a thumb in Bill's direction before turning, "I can ask someone else?"*

*Richie was beside Eddie in a second, wrapping an arm around the omega before he threw Eddie over his shoulder. Eddie yelped in fright, nails digging into Richie as he was haphazardly pulled.*

Richie grinned as he turned to look at Bill and Stan. Eddie was draped over Richie's shoulder with his arms folded and a heavy scowl on his face despite how he was revelling in the attention from his alpha.

"You two have any problem with me filling holes?" Richie asked simply, knowing full well that he would do it either way.

"Go on and get some, alpha." Bill gestured to the door of Richie's room, "We're leaving in five anyway."

"Thank God." Stan whispered under his breath as Richie sauntered into his bedroom. He turned, kicking the door closed, before he dropped Eddie unceremoniously on the bed. Eddie landed with a thump and let out a soft huff.

"So, any preference on the hole you want filled or do I just choose?" Richie asked as he bent down to untie his laces. He toed his boots off before he peeled off his brightly colored, mismatched socks. Eddie leaned back on his hands to look at Richie with his eyes hooded and filled with want.

Richie could feel the soft arousal in his mate mark and it made his stomach clench and knot up. He pulled off his sweater and set it aside. Eddie snorted when he saw that underneath the nondescript navy sweater, Richie was wearing a horrendously patterned shirt of bright colors.

"Now that I'm thinking about it..." Eddie stretched his legs out to kick his boots off, "As much as I'd love you to fuck me-"

"Don't you dare renege on me." Richie scowled, "That's rude as hell."

"Didn't let me finish, asshole." Eddie commented as he skillfully used his toes to pull off his shoes. It was a useless skill that Eddie was actually somewhat proud of. It wasn't just because he was lazy, not using his hands to take off his socks, but it was also because he didn't like to touch his sweaty socks with his hands.

Richie stood there, his hands on his half-unfastened belt, "So?"

"I'd rather you warm my mouth up." Eddie tilted his head on his shoulders, "And my stomach while you're at it."

*"That's fucking disgusting." Richie looked down, hastily unfastening his belt before his pants were unzipped, "I'm so fucking down."*

*"Not as down as I'm gonna be." Eddie whispered, Richie looked up with a grin and a cheeky wink as he pulled his shirt off and threw it aside, "You don't have to get fully naked for a blowjob. There's only one part of you that I really need over here."*

*"Only one part you need?" Richie asked as he crossed the distance between them in a single, long-legged stride. Richie looked down at Eddie and reached out to him, cupping his cheek to stroke his soft skin, watching the omega flush lightly, "Such a good omega."*

*"You have no idea." Eddie whispered as he sat up and ran his palms over the front of Richie's jeans, tucking his fingers into the stuff material to tug lightly.*

*Richie pulled half a shaky breath into his chest as Eddie leaned in to place soft and sloppy kisses to Richie's exposed stomach.*

*Richie's hand slid up to curl into Eddie's hair between his long fingers. Eddie continued to leave a sloppy trail of kisses over Richie's stomach, his tongue licking a flat trail over the hair that had grown from Richie's navel. Eddie followed the hair as a path, sucking and wetting Richie's skin until he got to Richie's underwear.*

*Eddie huffed out a short breath as he tugged on Richie's pants, pulling them down in small increments. Richie helped him, pulling his pants down past his hips, letting his erection free. Eddie unashamedly stared at the post-rut length with dilated eyes. He let out a whimper, his aroused scent encircling the alpha.*

*Eddie pulled Richie's pants down to his knees with a hard shove and a grunt, leaning in as he wrapped a hand around Richie's length. The alpha moaned out at the rush of pleasure that jolted through him like warm vibrations. Eddie's hand moved, the dry slide of skin on skin had Richie's mouth drop open as he stared.*

*Eddie leaned down with a whimper to nuzzle Richie's dick, rubbing the leaking length against his cheek before he moved and repeated the action over his lips. Richie gasped at the brazen move, watching the way Eddie*



*smear precome over lips only to lick it off.*

*Eddie sucked down deliberately on the head of Richie's dick, his tongue flat to create an exquisite friction that had Richie keening low in the back of his throat.*

*"Fuck yeah." Richie breathed out, "Gonna fuck your mouth so good, Eddie. Gonna make you take it."*

*Eddie whined out at the filthy spew of words that were so laden with breaths and punctuated gasps. Richie's entire body tensed as he focused solely on Eddie's mouth and the way it wound him up. Eddie finally took Richie's length passed his lips, sliding over him as much as he could. Richie moaned when he saw Eddie frown.*

*Eddie was amazing at giving head, Richie couldn't deny it. Sure, the omega had a smaller mouth and couldn't fit everything in, but that never stopped him from taking Richie higher and higher. What he lacked in space, he made up with tongue and teeth and fingers.*

*Richie would never openly admit that the best head he had ever gotten was from Bill's beta and sure, Stan probably knew that Richie lined after his mouth a little more than he should. Richie still adored Eddie's mouth for what it could do and would take the omega's lips any time of the day.*

*Which is what he decided to do when he saw Eddie struggling to himself. Richie put a hand around the base of his dick and eased himself out of Eddie's mouth, growling at the spit that ran from Eddie's lips.*

*"Don't force it like that, omega." Richie crooned softly, "Relax and let me do it."*

*Eddie whined at the prospect, squirming on the bed. His brown eyes were blown out and his hair mussed and twisted from Richie's grip, his cheeks smattered with pink flush. Richie tugged on Eddie's hair, tightening his grip to hold Eddie still.*

*"Look at me," Richie ordered softly, "Want you to know who you belong to, omega." Eddie nodded feverishly as he opened his mouth for the alpha, whimpering as Richie stroked a hand over his wet length. Richie held Eddie tightly in place as he edged his dick into Eddie's mouth, watching*

*the way it stretched his lips in the corners.*

*Richie kept going when he felt himself hit the back of Eddie's mouth, barely halfway in. Eddie moaned quietly, the sound made Richie shudder and push forward.*

*"Relax." Richie reminded the omega, "Drop your tongue, Eddie. You wanna make me happy?" Eddie nodded short, unable to move his head too much, "Then you take it all."*

*Eddie did as he was told, shifting on the edge of the bed. He moved back and Richie let go with a frown. Eddie slid off of the bed and went down onto his knees on the floor, sitting up right in front of Richie.*

*The alpha smiled as he replaced his hand back in the smaller boy's chestnut tresses, knotting them tight as he edged his dick all the way down to the back of Eddie's mouth. Eddie's shoulders slumped as he dropped his tongue and relaxed into a submitted pliancy. Richie pushed forward and felt himself slide forget than he had been able to, watching Eddie intently.*

*He could feel the small spike of anxiety in Eddie's mate mark when he went into Eddie's throat. Eddie exhaled shakily through his nose but didn't pull off and instead resigned to his obscene positioning.*

*Richie had gotten at least two thirds of himself down when Eddie grunted, pushing back slightly. Richie pulled out slowly, smiling down at his mate as Eddie's eyes watered furiously. Eddie gasped for breath for a second, hanging his head as Richie stroked himself lazily.*

*"I'm in no rush, Eds. I can fuck your mouth for hours if you want." Richie commented idly, "I have nowhere to be."*

*Eddie moaned softly, "Don't just..." He gasped lightly, "Don't judge stop." His voice raspy and thick as he stared up at Richie, "Just do it. Please. I want it."*

*Richie groaned as he took Eddie by the jaw and held his length, letting Eddie take him back in. Richie hips pushed forward and he groaned out, eyes shutting as he felt Eddie go lax around him. Richie threaded both of his hands into Eddie's hair to hold him before his hips began to move at a faster pace.*

*Eddie moaned brokenly, the sound gargled and muffled, as Richie thrust into him with quick and powerful snaps. Richie looked down at Eddie, seeing the way his fingernails were digging into his thighs, his eyes watering and his face red. He was unceremoniously dribbling spit down over himself in thick rivulets that Richie so badly wanted to lap up.*

*Richie forced himself further into Eddie's mouth with a hard thrust of his hips, watching the way Eddie choked around him. Fresh tears fell down the omega's face, his body heaving and shaking.*

*Richie didn't relent with his quick motions, holding Eddie still as he used his mouth, chasing his orgasm. Eddie reached a hand up to hold on to Richie's thigh, his hand reached around to hold Richie's leg and keep him close.*

*Richie looked down to see Eddie stroking himself quickly, his small omega length leaking profusely as he used Richie's pace to mimic his own for way too many minutes.*

*Richie knew he wouldn't last as long as usual like this. He was so wound up and so desperate that even though it had only been ten minutes, he wouldn't make it to twenty. God forbid.*

*"Fuck-" Richie shot out breathily, his legs aching with the intense tightening of his muscles. His stomach knotted angrily, forcing his body to push forward and surge towards his heady release, "So fuckin' good. Shit- Fuck, Eddie, fuck-"*

*Eddie's hips were stuttering as he fucked into his own hand, the tears were streaming in a constant now, mingling with the already sticky miasma of fluid that was trilling down his chin and neck.*

*"Shit yeah-" Richie huffed out, groaning low and desperate, his hips punctuating each punch of breath from his chest, "Close, Eddie- Fuck- So close, ah-"*

*Eddie's eyes scrunched closed, his shoulders lifting up with the tension as his body coiled higher and tighter. Richie's body was stuttering as he pushed through his chase, his body threatening to lock up or fall over. He was so close to coming, his skin was ablaze and his heart felt like it was going to explode. His grin on Eddie was most likely painful but the omega*

*didn't seem like he was going to complain any time soon.*

*Richie took hold of the back of Eddie's head, pushing his head all the way forward as he fucked into his throat relentlessly.*

*Richie broke only moments later, a broken set of cries leaving him as his body shattered into a million pieces. He pushed roughly into Eddie's mouth as he came, watching Eddie's eyes widen. Richie snarled out at the feeling of Eddie's throat constricting around him every few beats to swallow his immense load.*

*Richie coughed out a breath as he pulled back slowly, letting go of Eddie's hair gingerly. Eddie slumped where he sat, gasping and pitching for rasping gulps of air.*

*Richie took Eddie by the back of the neck, lifting him up by the scruff. Eddie went easily, submitting to the dominant touch. Richie put Eddie on the bed carefully and crawled between his knees. Richie shifted himself up, enrapturing himself in Eddie's thighs. He lifted Eddie's shirt up to wipe off the omega's face and hand gently, eyeing his swollen lips.*

*Richie nudged his thigh between Eddie's thighs and leaned down to scent him, taking in the wildly potent honey smell. Eddie instantly submitted, tilting his head to let Richie suck on his mate mark. Eddie whined at the feeling and reached up to wrap his arms around his alpha.*

*"So good." Richie breathed out, lapping at Eddie's neck, tasting honey sweet and salty sweat, "So fuckin' good. My omega."*

*"Hurts." Eddie breathed out, his voice wrecked and thick.*

*"Sorry." Richie muttered as he ran his nose over Eddie's throat, laying over him, his hips gently rocking back and forth against his mate, "What can I do?"*

*"Nothing..." Eddie breathed out serenely, "Like it."*

*Richie hummed at the words, nipping at Eddie's thrumming pulse, "Good."*

*"Rich?"*

*"Eds?"*

*Eddie preened as Richie ran his hand over Eddie's ribs slowly, "Warm now."*

*"Just how you wanted?" Richie asked curiously, huffing when Eddie nodded quietly, "Good. Good boy."*

*"Stomach may be full but I'm still hungry."*

*Richie sat up, propped up on his elbow with a smile, "I'll go and order us some food. How's that sound?"*

*"Almost as good as a blowjob."*